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The Week

INTENSE diplomatic maneuvering marked the week in Europe. At meetings of the Locarno signatory powers, first in Paris and later in London, France and Belgium pressed for immediate reprisals against Germany for her reoccupation of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland. British diplomats, notably Foreign Minister Eden, gradually shifted from their attitude of conciliation of Germany as the best means of preserving peace, and tended to support the French attitude more firmly. The League of Nations Council, meeting in London, invited Germany to participate in its discussion of the violation of the Locarno pact. Hitler accepted on condition that Germany be received as an equal and that the Council should also consider his peace proposals. After bitter debate, the Council accepted his first condition and left the second condition somewhat open by not actually refusing in advance to discuss the proposals, and Germany gave indications of her willingness to participate in the deliberations of the Council on these terms. The Locarno powers, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, drew up memoranda looking toward united-front action, and King Edward VIII granted audiences to the Foreign Ministers of Belgium and France. Meanwhile the French Senate ratified the mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union by a vote of 231 to 53, and the Soviet Union actively supported France in the League Council. Mussolini made a show of friendly relations with both France and Germany, thus maintaining his strategic bargaining position, although great internal tension in Italy was indicated by his decree establishing himself as financial dictator and placing all savings accounts and bank assets at the disposal of the government.

CLASHES between the forces of the Right and the Left, accompanied by strikes, rioting and the burning of churches and newspaper offices, continued in Spain. The Cortes opened its first formal session since the general election, with the Leftist coalition holding a substantial majority. Premier Azaña made strenuous efforts to restore and preserve internal order, and Leftist newspapers accused Fascist groups of provoking many acts of violence and destruction in order to discredit the Left and induce the army to step in and seize control. In South America, Colonel Rafael Franco, leader of the militarist group that recently staged a successful coup in Paraguay, proclaimed a totalitarian state frankly based on European models. This marked the first appearance of open and avowed fascism in the Western Hemisphere. Gossips in Great Britain were given something besides the European crisis to talk about when the specifications submitted to the House of Commons for the Civil List, which covers the household and personal expenses of King Edward VIII, were found to contain this sentence: "His Majesty desires that the contingency of his marriage should be taken into account." There was feverish speculation as to the full import of this suggestion, but the week brought neither official news nor authoritative rumor.

DOMESTIC political interest in America centered around the hearings of the House subcommittee on the President's tax proposals, and the efforts of the Senate committee investigating lobbying to subpoena telegrams as evidence. The latter process

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and Shaw, which obtained from the courts of the District of Columbia an injunction to prevent the committee from seizing telegrams, and by William Randolph Hearst, who brought suit to prevent the Federal Communications Commission from using its power to subpoena telegrams which would then be turned over to the committee. A suit to test the constitutionality of the Guffey Coal Control Act was taken under advisement by the Supreme Court, and a decision is expected in the next six to eight weeks. Elevator operators and others in the building-service trades returned to work in New York City after a strike of two weeks. According to the terms of the settlement, striking operators were to be taken back without prejudice, except those who were accused of violence or sabotage (these cases were to go before a special arbitrator), and the matter of wages and working hours was to be submitted to arbitration. Actually, when the operators attempted to return to work they found themselves locked out by the hundreds. There was an immediate resumption of picketing on a large scale, and the union made bitter accusations of bad faith against the realty owners.

WHEN parliamentary government was destroyed in Austria by the forcible suppression of the Socialists, who actually had a large majority in Vienna, the labor movement promptly went underground and succeeded in maintaining its potential strength, in spite of the persecution of the dictatorship. At last the government has tried effective suppression by bringing to trial thirty members of the Revolutionary Socialists—the new name for the old party—after eighteen months' imprisonment. Two would pay for conviction with their lives. Not only do the accused have wide popular support in Austria, but the labor movement of Europe is concerned. Representatives of the powerful Labor and Socialist parties of Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, Belgium and France are in Vienna to attend, though the authorities excluded them from the courtroom on the first day. This trial involves political questions of the first importance, both internally and externally. If conciliated, the Austrian Socialists will help even the present government against the Nazi danger, but if the fascist tyranny continues to deny freedom and oppress the workers, they will fight against it with every weapon they can command. If the government carries out its threats, it will earn the hostility of the labor forces powerful in the nations that can most be counted upon to protect Austria against German aggression.

EVERYBODY who could think at all has known for months that the United States has not solved its basic economic problem simply by turning its back on the N.R.A. and the A.A.A., by failing to enforce minimum wages and the right of collective bargaining. But fewer have been conscious that it has not solved its social, and hence its political prob-

Right demanding further backward steps, the workers want something effective done, and will continue to want it. Thus, as even the conservative A.F. of L. points out in its monthly survey of business, "Today with technical progress made since 1929, we could create a national standard of living at least six percent above the highest ever reached (in 1929). Yet we deny work to over 12,000,000, maintain nearly 5,000,000 of them in poverty at government expense and do nothing for the rest." In 1935 production rose 14 percent, but workers' total buying power grew only 3 percent. Indeed, real wages of the individual did not gain at all, because retail prices rose as much as earnings. Can we have a continued growth of production as long as we must rely on the relatively few profit-makers to absorb the added product? In spite of learned economists, the A.F. of L. doubts it, and so do we.

JUDGE Russell of the New York Supreme Court (from which there are possible two further appeals within the state) has held the state unemployment-insurance law unconstitutional on the ultra-individualistic ground that one employer cannot legally be compelled to contribute unemployment benefits to the employee of another. This compulsion, he holds, is "in violation of the due process clause of the Constitution." Little by little this constitutional provision, which forbids the taking of property without "due process of law," seems to be enlarged to forbid the taking of property by any process of law, "due" or otherwise. "Due" is probably one of the vaguest adjectives ever used by drafters of a legal document. In this case the judge rejected the contention that industry causes unemployment or has any legal obligation to relieve it. We wish he would tell us what does cause it, and whose obligation relief is. Apparently the Constitution guarantees profit-makers a right to take all they can out of society when the going is good, without being compelled to contribute to the support of the most helpless victims when the regime from which they profit gets into trouble.—On one important point, however, we must praise Judge Russell's decision. He refused to issue an injunction to interfere with the operation of the law before the issue had been passed upon by the higher courts. The government is now hamstrung in a dozen directions because adverse decisions in lower courts prevent it from executing laws for months before they are finally adjudicated.

WHEN Massachusetts, a year ago, passed her law requiring all teachers to take an oath of loyalty to the state and federal Constitutions, public hearings were held at which, among others, the heads of practically all institutions of higher learning in that state appeared in opposition to the measure. The occasion was made one that no decent citizen of Massachusetts can remember without shame. Honored educators were heckled and jeered at by legis-

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men of low cultural standards with no conception of the vital importance of free education in a democracy. A few days ago additional hearings were held in the endeavor to obtain repeal of the law and again the educators who appeared were harshly interrogated and booed. Copies of Mrs. Dilling's ridiculous book, "The Red Network," were used by members of the state legislature in the effort to trap distinguished scholars into admitting membership in liberal or radical organizations. Two Massachusetts teachers, J. Raymond Walsh, of Harvard, and John D. Connors, of New Bedford, both testified that the law does now intimidate teachers. Mr. Walsh told how four teachers in Taunton had feared to comment in the classroom even on a routine local strike. Mr. Connors testified that in his own teaching, although he is a conservative, he has "pulled his punch" in fear of the law. Situations like this give added point to the vigorous testimony brought forward in the recent meeting of the Division of Superintendence of the National Education Association at St. Louis that teachers must organize on behalf of freedom in the schools. The Massachusetts educators gave every evidence of wanting in America the kind of controlled instruction that exists in Germany and Italy—and there are many throughout the country who hold their view.

SECRETARY of Commerce Roper believes that the crew of the Panama-Pacific liner "California" were guilty of the serious crime of mutiny when they struck for higher wages, early this month, while the ship was tied up in San Pedro harbor. He has, accordingly, requested the Department of Justice to take action in what, we believe, will be the first case in which a strike for better working conditions is regarded as a mutinous action. The men had signed on in New York under the $57.50-a-month wage of the old agreement between the Atlantic division of the International Seamen's Union and the shipping lines. In San Pedro, they delayed the sailing of the "California" for three days by demanding an increase of $5 a month, which would have brought their wages to the same level enjoyed by seamen on the Pacific Coast. At the request of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, however, they returned to work and submitted the dispute to arbitration. (Subsequently, the $5 increase was written into the new agreement between the shipping lines and the Atlantic Coast union.) Legally, Secretary Roper may be correct, but certainly it is shocking, in this day, to have the ancient law of the sea invoked against sailors who are merely asking for decent wages. Certainly if that is the law, it should be amended promptly. Meanwhile, President Roosevelt has the choice of backing Secretary Roper or Secretary Perkins, who insists that the strike was merely a strike. He can hardly afford to ignore an official action of a Cabinet member that violates the fundamental rights of

HOW far we have come from the days when America was the haven of the oppressed may be gathered from a provision written into the Coolidge-Kerr Immigration Bill last week by the Senate Committee on Immigration. This would make it mandatory for the government to deport any alien convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude. As interpreted by the Department of Labor, this provision is so sweeping that the Commissioner of Immigration would have no discretion but to order the deportation of an alien for stealing a loaf of bread for his family, even if he had never been convicted of a crime and had lived in the United States for thirty years. The chief support for such drastic procedure is coming from sources like Mr. Hearst and the other patrioteers who believe that aliens and Communists (the two are virtually synonymous to them) are responsible for the vexing problems of unemployment, crime and relief. The Hearstian remedy is to send 'em back where they came from. It is obvious that this provision would open the door to vicious intimidation of the foreign born, especially if they should strike or make other protest against undesirable conditions. Organized workers are joining with the Department of Labor in striving to have an earlier provision restored to the bill, which would give the government discretionary power to decide whether a deportation should be ordered.

LAST October the New York headquarters of the Associated Press discharged one of its editorial workers, Morris Watson, allegedly because of his activities on behalf of the Newspaper Guild. After officials of the Associated Press refused to negotiate on the question of reinstatement, the Guild filed a complaint with the National Labor Relations Board. The A.P. countered by applying to the federal courts for an injunction to restrain the Board from hearing the case, on the ground that the Wagner-Connery Act, which aims to protect the right of collective bargaining and organizational activity, is unconstitutional. This view was expounded with great fervor by John W. Davis, appearing as counsel for the A.P., before Federal Judge William Bondy, who heard arguments on both sides, accepted briefs and promised an early decision. Two months now have passed with no word from the Court. We heartily agree with the position taken by Heywood Broun, president of the Newspaper Guild of America, who has addressed a letter to Judge Bondy saying, in part: "The Wagner-Connery Act until invalidated is the law of the land, and the delay deprives us of its potential benefits. . . . In the event of an adverse decision, we can appeal, but as things stand, the Labor Board is not free to proceed, Morris Watson has not got his job and the Associated Press sits just as prettily as if you had already decided in its favor." We join with the Newspaper Guild in what seems to us the entirely reasonable demand that the Court at

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The Chance of Peace in Europe

WHAT POLICY in regard to Germany in the present crisis would serve best the chance —admittedly a slim chance—of keeping the peace in Europe during the next few years? Discussion of this question is, in one sense, academic for Americans, because they are not in a position to give advice to European statesmen. And there is no assurance that even if those responsible knew the best course, they could adopt it in the presence of so many passions, accidents and considerations of politics and prestige. Nevertheless, if we can map a theoretically preferable course, we may be able to measure by comparison what Europe actually does. And it is immensely important to us to know what to expect.

As a background of judgment, it is necessary to guess at Hitler's plans, to sense the feeling of the German people, and to understand the conditions under which the nation might, by an aggressive act, provoke a conflict.

Hitler's Plans.—Hitler, of course, is an intense nationalist, who is resolved at any cost to restore Germany's prestige and power in the world. His doctrine of Nordic supremacy leads him to want to include within Germany's borders all those considered to be of the German "race." He thinks present German soil is overpopulated, and has implied many times—most recently in his Reichstag speech announcing the militarization of the Rhineland—that this is unjust while more sparsely settled lands to the eastward are occupied by inferior peoples. He detests communism and socialism.

Before Hitler assumed power he repeatedly declared that Germany must expand to the eastward, and that in order to do so without interference she should conciliate Britain and possibly France as well, at least for the time being. His word is worth less than nothing; he is completely unscrupulous where the interests of national idolatry are at stake. He believes in the use of force, and has taken pains to militarize not only the German body but the German mind. No doubt he does not want war in the abstract, and certainly he does not want it until the chance of victory is good; he would rather gain his ends by frightening his enemies than by fighting. But if he finds that he cannot win without fighting, he will be ready to make good his bluff.

German Support.—A substantial part of the German people will follow Hitler blindly all the way. But, before he assumed power, he never had the confidence of a majority of them, and there is reason for thinking that even yet, in spite of the brutal suppression of all leaders of opposition, immense numbers of Germans accept his rule only as a grim necessity. He never has dared to court an expression of their favor since his access to power, tice suffered by Germany in the Treaty of Versailles. Without this issue, indeed, he probably would never have come to power in the first place. It is obvious that any ruler is sure of stronger internal support when he confronts a foreign enemy in a crisis. And most Germans are conditioned to respond to this particular plea, since the peace of 1919 has long been, not only a real cause of injury, but a scapegoat for all their troubles. At the same time it may be doubted whether the German people as a whole are eager to fight, or approve of the oppression of Jews and the labor movement, or like the consequences of Hitler's economic measures, or would sanction a war that they could clearly recognize as one of aggression.

The Conditions of War.—Immediate war would be precipitated if other nations took aggressive action against Germany on the Rhineland issue, whether by economic sanctions or by military force. Hitler is not ready, to be sure, but surrender to foreign compulsion now would be self-destructive for him, and on this issue he can count on overwhelming internal support. He took a desperate chance; he did so in large part because he was nearly certain that the peoples of France, Britain and the Soviet Union are so fearful of war that this time they would not resist. In the future he will repeat the process right up to the point that he believes would mean war. At that point he probably will stop, unless he is sure (a) of a fighting chance of victory and (b) of firm approval by the German people.

A policy best calculated to preserve peace therefore must simultaneously meet these requirements:

1. Immediate caution in undertaking any action that can be interpreted by Germany as aggression against her.
2. The fixing of boundaries beyond which German aggression will meet armed resistance, and the knowledge by Hitler and the Germans that this result will surely follow.
3. Overwhelming military supremacy on the part of those who would resist German aggression.
4. A policy calculated to weaken the support of the German people for Hitler in any possible aggression, defined as above.

The first two of these conditions are relatively easy, and the other states in Europe have already moved far toward them. Germany will probably be adjudged by the League guilty of infraction of the Locarno and Versailles treaties by her Rhineland move, but it does not look as if any force will be exercised to compel her to undo what is done. German aggression against France, the Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia is already labeled as a *casus belli* by the mutual-assistance treaties among these powers. If Great Britain can be induced to make a firm promise of military aid in case of violation of French, Belgian or Dutch territory, a big gap in the boundaries of war will be filled. There

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tria. The western Allies have made costly mistakes in encouraging the dominance of reactionary forces in both these countries, and hence of forces that have come, or may come, within Nazi influence. If democratic governments could be restored there, they might readily be brought within the circle of France and the Little Entente, with their Russian ally.

The difficulty lies with the third and fourth requirements. Military supremacy is of course being sought by all the powers that fear Germany, through increase of armaments. But will not a heavily armed ring of allies solidify Hitler's internal support? And will not his own program of rearmament, plus the aid he may be able to count upon from Japan, Hungary and possibly even Italy, Poland and Jugoslavia, give him the military chance to exploit that internal support by provoking a war, whenever the opportunity offers?

Here is the real dilemma of policy. Hitler, as far as German support goes, thrives on the resentment caused by forcible continuance of German "inferiority." To deprive him of that political strength it would seem to be necessary to remove the grievance by taking Germany back into the family of nations, treating her as an equal, and attempting to satisfy her by negotiation. This would imply accepting his offer to sign non-aggression pacts and to return to the League. On the other hand, any advantage obtained by Germany under Hitler's aggressive policy would likewise strengthen him. Having made a tangible gain by forcible violation of one treaty, Germany will be tempted to try it again, and all the agreements Hitler may make will not be worth the paper they are written on. Strengthening Germany economically will likewise increase her military power. The rest of the world cannot trust Hitler, and it cannot afford to act as if it did.

Some loss must be taken, no matter which horn of the dilemma is seized. But there is a basic condition which, in our opinion, gives a clue to the best course. Hitler's economic policy is his weakest point. His nationalism leads him to try to make Germany self-contained—and she has not the resources to be so. His support of capitalism increases the burdens of the masses. Above all, his rearmament program steadily lowers the standard of living. It will before long be stalled unless he can buy the necessary materials abroad. This he cannot indefinitely continue to do without foreign credits. The American Trade Commissioner's office in Berlin, in its recent report to the Department of Commerce, indicated the essential facts. Unemployment in January increased more than seasonally. Production in consumers' goods industries has long been falling, but now for the first time in months a greater drop has occurred in heavy industries (and hence in armament making). Butter was scarce and eggs hardly obtainable in January. A further loss of gold has reduced the Reichsbank's reserve balance of foreign payments. *Hitler needs a loan.* Without it, not only will his disastrous economic policy hit the people harder, but rearmament itself will be more difficult.

Here, we believe, is the cue. It is not necessary either to punish or threaten Germany on the one hand, or to conciliate her on the other. The powers need simply register the fact that they do not trust Hitler. France and Britain, the only two nations that might lend him money, need only refrain from extending aid to anyone with such bad credit. There is no question whatever that Hitler's grim gesture of conciliation is a calculated preliminary to the attempt to borrow money. If amicable treaties were signed, he would renew his requests to the British bankers, no doubt with success. At all costs it is necessary to prevent this.

If the other nations will, without too many threats, simply stand aside while Hitler's policy works out its own doom, there is a chance that in the end the German masses, the army and the business men will see the point. There is also the chance that he will not be able to arm sufficiently. For this process to operate, time is required. But delay works against, rather than for Hitler, unless positive help is extended to him from his external foes. Of course even economic desperation might in the end lead him to strike, just as present internal difficulties played a large part in his Rhineland coup. But, on the other hand, they might produce a more reasonable Germany, with a government that could be trusted. In any case, it would be better, if Europe has to fight Germany, to fight a Germany in which the inevitable process of disintegration has gone much farther than at present. Delay, coupled with resolute refusal to deal with Hitler, is Europe's only chance for peace.

The Elevator Strikers Lose

THE STRIKE of the building-service employees in New York City has been ended. The terms are so unsatisfactory to the men, however, that it cannot be said to have been settled in any real sense of the word. Already a sharp difference of opinion has arisen between the union and the Realty Advisory Board, spokesman for the building owners, as to the percentage of strikers who are not to be reëmployed. The union interprets the agreement as meaning that all the strikers are to be taken back (except a small number charged with violence, whose cases are to be arbitrated). The Realty Advisory Board through its special counsel, Walter Gordon Merritt, insists that strike-breakers who were told that their jobs would be permanent must be retained. All over the city, strikers trying to go back to work on Monday found their places filled, and returned to the picket line carrying impressive placards reading, "Locked Out." The union estimated that about ten percent

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Throughout the negotiations, the Realty Advisory Board fought with the shifty and evasive tactics that are to be expected from an employers' organization that is actually intent on smashing the union but is trying to conceal that fact from public opinion. It first insisted that it would not negotiate on a basis of the closed shop, and when the union offered the "preferential shop" the employers changed their ground and demanded retention of all those strikebreakers who had been employed with the promise that their jobs would be permanent —an easy method of discriminating against aggressive and effective union members. On March 8, Mayor LaGuardia made a proposal for arbitration of all issues, the strikers to go back to work in the meantime. This proposal was accepted at once and without qualification by the strikers. The Realty Advisory Board "found the proposal a satisfactory basis for a settlement," but then fell back on the argument that individual owners of buildings are not bound by the agreements made by the Board, and went on fighting. Two days later, under pressure from the mayor and from public opinion, the R.A.B. offered a three-year continuance of the old Curran agreement; but within another forty-eight hours, evidently believing that the strikers were weakening, it broke off all negotiations. Incidentally, the plea that the R.A.B. could not speak for its members comes oddly from a person like Mr. Merritt, who has for years demanded incorporation of labor unions to make them "more responsible."

The demands of the building-service men seem to us reasonable and fair. They asked an increase of $2 a week in the minimum wages, which run as low as $78 a month, and for a union shop such as exists in numerous other industries and in all parts of the United States. Except for the wage demand—surely not an extravagant one in a city where living costs are as high as they are in New York—the union asked only the conditions that have been repeatedly promised to all workers everywhere, by the Roosevelt administration—in several speeches by the President, in the National Industrial Recovery Act and in the Wagner Act. They were conditions that would have been accepted as a matter of course by the government and by public opinion in "conservative" Great Britain. In the true sense, it was the real-estate interests that struck in New York—struck against the standards and attitude attained by all civilized people, everywhere, in the year 1936.

Mr. Merritt announced on Sunday that "it has been the public's fight and the public has won." Not true, Mr. Merritt, on two counts. First, the public, as Mr. Mangold points out elsewhere in this issue, had demonstrated to an astonishing extent its sympathy with the strikers. And second, the public never wins when many thousands of workers, in order to make fatter profits for a group of landlords, are forced to go on working under highly unsatisfactory conditions as to wages, hours and the

Is Spain Going Red?

DISORDERS in Spain become more understandable when considered in the light of the diverse elements that go to make up the left-wing coalition now in power. The coalition was achieved primarily on the issue of amnesty for political prisoners. The revolt in the Asturias and accompanying clashes in other parts of Spain in 1934 were put down with such bloody ferocity that the Left gained great popular sympathy, and there was a widespread demand for the release of the more than 30,000 prisoners taken in those disturbances.

On this issue, the Left Republicans, Socialists, Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists came together. Achieving the coalition was by no means a simple matter. The Socialist Party is a very large one and its right wing, generally Social-Democratic in complexion, held back until agitation by the aggressive left wing under Francisco Largo Caballero forced the party into the coalition. The Left Republicans were anti-clerical and wanted land reforms, but they did not want a revolutionary state controlled by the proletariat along Marxist lines. The latter was, of course, the goal of the left-wing Socialists and the Communists. The Anarcho-Syndicalist groups were pure militants, advocating only direct action and rejecting all political means even to the extent of refusing to vote. Their situation was further complicated by the fact that their chief strength was concentrated in the industrial centers in and around Barcelona and they were a dominant force in the movement demanding separate autonomy for the province of Catalonia.

In the elections on February 16 the Anarcho-Syndicalists voted primarily because they saw this as a chance for the release of their beleaguered comrades in prison, and they were very active in the demonstrations for amnesty immediately following the elections. The Left coalition did achieve a majority in Spain's unicameral parliament, the Cortes, and put forward as the man to head the government former Premier Manuel Azaña. It is significant that Azaña is not a member of one of the revolutionary proletarian groups in the Left coalition, but is a Left Republican. This party is liberal-bourgeois in its make-up, is reformist rather than revolutionary, and above all wants to proceed along parliamentary lines.

Azaña, an adroit and seasoned politician, prefers this line himself. The demonstrations and disorders provoked by revolutionary extremists in Spain today are largely concerned with one of two objectives: (a) to force Azaña farther to the left than he is normally willing to go by reminding him of the revolutionary votes that put him in power, or (b) to proceed at once toward revolutionary objectives without waiting for Azaña or parliamentary means. Naturally, clashes with militarists and fascists have been frequent, and if the army carries out its

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civil war may result. So far, there seems to have been enough Leftist sympathy in the army itself to prevent the fascist coup that was openly spoken of immediately after the election. Meanwhile Premier Azaña continues the "state of alarm," a kind of modified martial law, and is making strenuous efforts to hold his coalition in line and curb the extremists, who burn churches and newspaper offices, call general strikes and attempt forcibly to seize the lands of the grandees. The new Cortes has met and elected Diego Martinez-Barrio as its president and outwardly Spain continues to proceed along parliamentary lines. One suggested possibility is that Azaña may accept a reported offer of the Catholic-royalist-conservative coalition on the Right to join forces with Azaña's more or less centrist Republicans and thus form a government having a stable majority that would enable Azaña to control the Cortes without his present revolutionary allies.

Hobo Employers

THERE have long been employers who did not bear the real costs of their enterprises, employers who became parasites on the community by paying their workers less than it costs to sustain life at a level of decency, and working them longer hours than continued health would require. Now, however, these mendicants have become wandering panhandlers as well.

A Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce offered and paid $1,000 to a new industry, giving free rent, light and heat in addition. This suitcase manufacturer operated seven weeks without paying one cent of wages to any of the "learners" whom he employed and then absconded, leaving not even a suitcase in the community. In 1932 the Department of Labor in Connecticut reported that "concerns come in, pay little or no wages, employ very young girls, use the excuse of a learning period to pay absolutely nothing in some cases and then discharge the girls at the end of the learning period and take on a new group of workers." At that time two firms were reported as having left town after operating seven months and paying no wages at all.

This trek of employers takes place not only to points outside a given state, but within the state as well. Frances Perkins called attention to this three years ago, saying, "In the state of New York we have had a very interesting experience, for, although our neighbors in Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania more or less blame us for the runaway manufacturers who have gone into their states to set up factories where either the law or the enforcement of the law is regarded as less stringent, they don't perhaps realize that we are having the same runaway picture within the borders of the state of New York. Factories in any time before a Labor Department inspector in the normal routine locates these factories."

The secretary of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor has pointed out a Chamber of Commerce which offered a $2,500 bonus to bring a shirt factory to its town. The shirt factory's average wage was about $3 a week. After two or three months in the community this firm was induced to go to another Pennsylvania town three counties away for another $2,500 bonus, where it again flourished at the same atrociously low wage.

Recently a Boston dispatch in The New York Times stated that communities in adjacent states offered "inducements to shoe factories in the shape of tax-exemptions, free rents and guaranteed immunity from labor troubles." The dispatch goes on to say, "What is more astonishing, if true, is that in some instances cash bonuses have been offered for removals and the money has been derived from P.W.A. funds." In one case, according to the Times story, "a small city offered to send welfare workers, paying them $2 a day, to dismantle the machinery of a Massachusetts plant and truck it to a new location; also to furnish the lumber to fit up a new factory, and this in addition to free rent, heat and light and exemption from taxes."

Chambers of Commerce and manufacturers' associations habitually argue against labor legislation or collective bargaining on the ground that it will drive industry out of the state or locality. Or they complain that high taxes have the same result. But they are themselves the chief offenders in enticing employer hoboes to skip about the country. Some association of business men would deserve a gold medal for enlightened self-interest if it would post a notice: "All employers who are dissatisfied with taxes or labor conditions in their own localities are forbidden to enter this community and will be turned back at the boundary. We want only permanent industries that will pay their own way and add to the wealth of this city. We want only healthy workers who can pay rent, buy food, clothing and luxuries. Then our relief and tax burdens will be less."

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First Days in Moscow

I HAD expected Moscow to be old and musty, but it is modern and energetic. The people are better dressed and more prosperous appearing, in general, than the people in Leningrad. The main business section, the "Center," is much like an American city. They have set out to rearrange the whole place, and already there are only little patches of the original Moscow of the Muscovite Tsars embedded in drab streets and crowded traffic: the jewel-box of the Kremlin with its needle-pointed gleaming gilt spires (which, since the Kirov shooting, visitors are not allowed to see); the shabby domes of St. Basil's in their big ugly bulbous mushroom-clump. St. Basil's, inside, is a labyrinth, lined with faded saints and angels which the authorities have done nothing to refresh, and plastered with aggressively glaring texts from Marx and Engels and Lenin which declare that religion is a fraud. Outside, the millions of stubby little people who have been flocking into the metropolis but who are not used to getting around in a city, are plunging about and bumping into one another. Moscow seems even to a New Yorker a terribly exhausting place. The tram-cars are usually crowded, and the people hang on to the outside and fall off and get under the cars and have their legs and arms run over. And though the pace of Russian life is in general so much slower and less effortful than ours, their new mechanical means of locomotion seem sometimes to go to their heads. They rip around the streets in their Russian-made cars tooting wild defiant horns, like galloping Cossacks; and the escalators in their new subway rush the passengers up and down at a speed unknown in any American city. Women and children scream: a first ride is a major adventure. When the subway was opened, Comrade Stalin, who can take it, made the trip on the escalator twice.

The subway in Moscow is worth thinking about. They are all very much excited over it, and they ask every foreigner how it compares with the subways in other countries. The truth is, of course, that, compared to most of them, it is small; but it is the only *pretty* subway in the world. Every station is in a different style, so that it is full of delightful surprises, like a superior sort of scenic railway: there are murals, ornamental columns, novel devices of light. Even the trains are done in pleasing combinations of red, light tan and yellow or red, light tan and green. What it most resembles, on its smaller scale, is the interiors of the Radio City movie theatres. The moral of the Moscow subway is that there is no reason why a public utility, if really built by the people for their use, should not have every-

They are certainly much pleasanter with each other, for all their jostling and jamming, than New Yorkers. They have arguments on the street and in queues, always calling one another "Comrade"—quite different from our crowds in the subway, for example, where the people rarely speak to one another, each penned up in his particular anxieties, each with his particular schedule to make. In Moscow, if anyone behaves hoggishly, there is general remonstrance and protest. In one case I heard of, a man in a street-car was made to feel so cheap that he got off.

An air meet. It took place on the outskirts of Moscow, and we reached it along a road lined with little old mud-brown log houses which had fancy peaked cornices over the windows and fringes of wooden lace. Some of them seemed to have sunk into the earth till their windows were almost level with the ground.

It was on this field that the crowds were trampled to death at the coronation of Nicholas II. Today there is a loudspeaker and a band playing "The International" through it. Ballet-patterns by gliders, which would sheer off symmetrically from the plane that had trailed them and wheel slowly over on their sides; a regular rocket-burst of parachute-jumpers, some of the women coming down with two parachutes. The weather was cold and wet: a group of girls and young men had joined hands and were running around in a ring to keep warm. There were appealing little boy and girl couples leaning against their bicycles and looking up.

A small policeman in a helmet was trying to make the people get back behind a rope. They argued with him about it, calling him "Comrade." The crowd maintained that so long as there were cars parked in front of the rope, people ought to be able to stand there. The policeman, on his side, pointed out that, so far as seeing airplanes went, it didn't matter where you stood. Somebody said that it wasn't that you couldn't see: it was the psychological effect of having something in front of you. The policeman apparently felt the force of this, but he urged them to get back "a tiny bit." Presently, the cars drove away, and the policeman then returned and showed logically that, now that the obstruction was removed, they ought to keep back behind the ropes. And, persuaded by this argument, they complied.

The relations between the police and the public seem almost ideal. Lenin insisted on having the former called "militia." The role of the old police had become so hateful to him that he did not want

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zens themselves; and it is true that on an occasion like this air meet, the Moscow militia are more like the ushers at a school play or a college ball game than like the police of the capitalist states. I afterwards saw a man arrested, and the same sort of parliamentary methods seemed to regulate the proceedings. Two militiamen had the man by either arm, but he kept stopping and arguing with them. They would unhand him and explain their case. Finally, they led him away.

There are, of course, the secret police, who are apparently a different matter.

I haven't been troubled by espionage as some people complain of being—though I have had one or two mysterious telephone calls which woke me up at early hours of the morning. When I went, there would be nobody on the line; and I was told that this was the ordinary way of finding out whether you were sleeping at the address you had given. Once when I was taking a Russian lady home from the Metropole café we were followed very closely by a man who seemed to have a special interest in us.

I always find that Americans who become bitter over espionage in Russia have never had any experience of what may happen in the United States in any industrial center. These people have never been made uncomfortable at home, because they have never been suspected of supporting the interest of labor against the interests of the employing class. So I was not made uncomfortable in Russia because I was a visiting journalist known to be sympathetic with the Soviet regime. In America the visiting journalist whose sympathies are not known, though he may be merely reporting strikes or even merely looking at factories, soon finds the police and the officials checking up on his lodgings and his movements; and in the ruder and more remote communities he is likely to be confronted with gun-thugs who threaten to run him out of town. If he is known to be engaged in pro-labor work, he may be followed on the train by a detective and very likely *will* be run out of town.

I locked myself out of my room at the hotel. There was no one at the chambermaid's table. The elevator boy said he'd send the porter, but nothing came of this. I went downstairs and told the porter myself, and he immediately turned to a young boy who was standing across from the desk with a box of tools under his arm. I asked the porter whether he didn't have a key: they had opened it that way before. But he insisted that the boy would attend to it. I went upstairs with the boy, who produced from his kit a large wedge and began hammering it, with deafening racket, into the crack between the double doors. Presently he abandoned this and, taking out another huge tool, began to gouge it into the keyhole. Then he tried the wedge again. He evidently had nothing for locks. An old

up at the chambermaid's table. I told him that they had a key there with which they had gotten into my room before; but he only opened his drawer and looked at the keys and shook his head. I remonstrated with the boy, who was easily persuaded to stop. And the old man and I, seizing two different phones simultaneously, made simultaneous attempts to get the porter, but nobody answered from below. The boy and I went downstairs and found the porter behind his desk. He immediately produced a key, with which I immediately opened the door. His sending the boy in the first place had apparently been due merely to the accident that the latter happened to be standing by with a box of tools for breaking into things, and it had seemed to the porter a pleasing idea to have him put them to use on my door. I had been trying to think that Moscow was much more efficient than Leningrad.

I am continually surprised at finding Russians who are crazy to go to America. I tell them there is a capitalist crisis there with many people out of work; but, though their own newspapers and official publicity are continually telling them the same thing, many people don't seem really to believe it. I have already been asked several times whether Roosevelt were not a great man—in spite of Stalin's admirable analysis of the impossibilities of the New Deal in his interview with H. G. Wells, which has been circulated here in Russian. It is partly of course because Roosevelt has recently recognized the Soviets; but it is also because there is still a tendency in all this part of the world to regard the United States as the Promised Land.

Only gradually you come to be aware of all the things that Moscow lacks. There are very few dogs and cats, for example. People haven't had room enough or food enough for pets. At one time they had to get food cards for dogs.

And Moscow does not even seem to have a special smell of its own, like other European cities. This is partly, I suppose, because it is kept so uniformly clean: they are always playing the hose on the streets, and in all my wanderings through the city, I was never able to find anything like a slum or any quarter that even seemed dirty. But it is also partly due to the absence of so many things that have smells: foliage, for example, and perfumes; restaurants cooking rich foods and bars serving pungent liquor; fruit-stands in the street, incense in the churches, and the fumes of private motor-cars and taxis.

The Park of Culture and Rest is enormous, colorless, bare. It is impossible to imagine till you see it a world without paints or dyes. There are a few indispensable red flags, but in general there is no more color than in a photograph in either clothes, posters, buildings or signs—nor in faces: the peo

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expanses of wide dirt walks, recently scraped out on the shadeless site; only sprigs of trees, only dim grass. In the eating pavilion where the women in sneakers, the men without neckties, the shaved-headed children, drift in by the thousand and are gradually served, there are only sprigs of purple hortensia among the bottles of pale yellow wine and the Soviet chocolate slabs spiral-piled on the bar. To an American, it seems like limbo. The Americans, in their amusement parks, have wild games and giddy music; they squeal and guffaw and shriek. But these people move very slowly; they neither laugh aloud nor sing, they seem not even to talk to one another, and in their faces there is no expression. Are they afraid of being overheard? Are they afraid of being arrested for "hooliganism?"—or have their hardships sobered them so terribly?—or are they still so numb and dumb from their old subhuman life of serfdom that they have not yet been able to discover how human beings enjoy themselves?

Yet at the same time—it is one of the paradoxes of Russia which make Russia so difficult to explain to people who haven't been there—there is a kind of freedom here that one does not feel in other countries. Here nobody is socially self-conscious; nobody is disagreeable or rude. There is no class of petty officials who snap at people and keep them from doing things. And one notices that if one throws anything away, one immediately picks it up again—because there is an old woman standing by with a long-handled broom and a long-handled shovel, and she is ready to scoop up a cigarette butt the moment that anybody drops one, and one's relation to this old woman is already quite different from one's relation to the people who sweep up parks at home. Here the people in the park do really own it, and they are careful of what is theirs. A new kind of public conscience has come to lodge in these crowds.

One wanders with the flaccid streams, dazed by the rawness and paleness. The amusements are mostly intended to train people for aviation—for aviation and war. The young people go in for contrivances like metronome pendulums upside down which swing them over and back, in order to get them accustomed to looping the loop in the air; or, to develop their sense of equilibrium, they balance on narrow rails and try to knock each other off by slapping their right hands together; or they jump from a spiral tower in parachutes fastened to strings. Sometimes the parachutes get caught, and they dangle halfway down. One tries an exhibition of paintings, and it turns into a revolutionary museum, where little children who have come out for a holiday are looking at photographs of Communists having their penises strung up by Nazis and wax tableaux of women with their breasts cut off.

In the depth of the park, one finds at last a [illegible] of natural trees and grass. To the music people in a clearing are dancing an old-fashioned Russian dance. It is simple, very quietly cheerful; they dance round and round in a ring, the same figures, the same little tune, again and again. And there is a group of girls on a grassy bank—some kind of girls' club on an outing—singing a long sad-sounding song, an old ballad, I was told by my companion, which laments the plight of young daughters married off against their wills.

One returns and tries a movie: "The Golden Lake," a very poor adventure picture, with scarcely a tinge of imagination. It is almost with a shock one realizes that it is possible for a Russian film to be dull.

One decides at last to leave. The entrance is decorated with flowerbeds, planted on steep banks and depicting Lenin and Stalin in pansies. Outside, the toneless loudspeaker relaying "Cielito Lindo" and "Oi Mari," the songs of sunnier lands, happier ages.

—The whole world is stalled. Capitalism runs down, ceases to function; Communism makes little progress. The nations and the classes wait. We go neither forward nor back, we hardly know which way we are facing. And in the meantime, while the capitalist New Deal goes through the unreal motions of imitating the Five Year Plan, even in the Soviet Union the weight of the heavy old society dragging down the world outside, the old fear of the rapacity of one's neighbor, obstruct the way to health and freedom.

I stood against the wall under the archway beside a sharp-nosed green-eyed girl, together with a lot of other people who had wanted to get out of the rain. The rainstorm had turned into a hailstorm, and now something like a cloudburst occurred. Suddenly a great torrent of water came flooding the arcade from the courtyard, and streamed through like a river into the street. I had thought that it was all a damned nuisance; but none of the Russians showed any signs of feeling either anxiety or irritation, and now that they seemed about to be inundated, they all began to laugh.—They knew the moment it was over, and —where in any other city some would uncertainly have lingered—everybody at once slipped away.

There is a green-eyed kind that wouldn't be gentle. I saw a girl in a street car whose green eyes gave to her prettiness and plumpness a kind of emerald sharpness: a new kind of beauty I had never seen; and then, in another street car, a boy with the same kind of eyes, very thin, at once wolfish and fascinating; he was staring as if he saw something that the rest of us didn't see, as animals do when they hear or smell—or rather, perhaps, as if he saw what we saw with far more intensity than we saw it.

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the first of a series of articles on Soviet Russia. The second will appear in next week's

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The Crisis in the Labor Movement

AT THE San Francisco convention of the American Federation of Labor in 1934, advocates of industrial unions thought they had won a victory when a compromise resolution was adopted calling for the granting of national union charters to workers in the automobile, cement and aluminum industries.

A year later, at the Atlantic City convention, John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, leader in the industrial-union movement, charged that he had been seduced with fair words at San Francisco because the Executive Council had not carried out the convention mandate in the case of the automobile workers. Instead of an industrial-union charter he maintained that the Council had awarded a grant of jurisdiction whereby the auto union would be limited to production workers, the craft unions reserving the right to their own mechanics.

Lewis and those who sided with him were defeated when they tried to have the convention adopt a minority report favoring issuance of "unrestricted" charters in the mass-production industries. But their 40-percent vote was significant. It was the largest ever cast for industrial unionism at an A.F. of L. convention.

The Committee for Industrial Organization.—A few weeks later the miners' president formed the Committee for Industrial Organization, comprising presidents of seven other unions which shared his point of view. Then the fur began to fly. In a curt, single-sentence note Lewis resigned as a vice-president of the A.F. of L. That act dramatized the industrial vs. craft issue. Reporters could not find him that Saturday afternoon when his brief note to President William Green was made public. They did a lot of speculating that day. And more the next day. By Monday public curiosity was aroused. More than fifty newspaper correspondents appeared at Lewis' press conference that day. More headlines. They saw Green. He warned the Committee for Industrial Organization against creating "a line of cleavage." He feared that "grave consequences" might flow from the creation of an inter-union group. Lewis replied that the issue was whether the Federation would adapt itself to modern industrial conditions by creating modern unions.

One after another the eight unions in the C.I.O. replied to Green. They defended formation of the committee as an effort to bring the unorganized masses into the Federation. They accused the craft unions of shouting "splitting" and "dualism." Green was offered the post of leading the C.I.O., desire to see him squirm. Green promptly and indignantly refused.

Several weeks ago the A.F. of L. Executive Council, meeting in Miami, requested the C.I.O. to dissolve. A few days later, at the miners' convention in Washington, Lewis promised to see the Council "wearing asbestos suits in hell" before he dissolved the committee. The delegates authorized the union officers to withhold their dues to the Federation if they saw fit. Their compliance would be a preliminary to leaving the A.F. of L. It was a hostile audience that the Federation president faced when he confronted his former coal-union associates. His knees were shaking after an hour-and-a-half speech in which he inveighed strongly against dual unionism and warned the miners of their own bitter struggles against dissenters. He inquired how long they would last if they went home and formed an inside committee to agitate for district autonomy, a burning issue at the convention.

Lewis, coldly but with ferocious emphasis, thanked Green for acting as "ambassador from another organization." He put the Executive Council's dissolution proposal before the convention. It was unanimously rejected. The miners' chief cleared the decks for action by amending the constitution of his union to permit inclusion of by-product coke and process workers.

These events were momentous. Further acts impend. The issue is joined. Will the A.F. of L. grant "unrestricted" charters to mass-production workers, the crafts to renounce their jurisdiction, or will some compromise be worked out in the form of a pattern of organization equally suited to the complex character of modern industry? Will this problem be solved before there is a physical split in the Federation or will the industrial-union adherents leave and set up a rival group, as Gompers and his associates set up a group of craft unions to rival the Knights of Labor?

It is a safe prediction that there will be no split in the A.F. of L. before the annual convention in Tampa next November. After that? Well, only the gods can tell. The next seven months, however, will be most important. The skirmishes will continue and will increase until craft and industrial-union forces are engaged all along the line. The major battles will culminate at Tampa, where the future course of the labor movement will be charted.

The Struggle for Power in the Labor Movement.—In essence the struggle is for power, for control of the labor movement and for formulation of its policies. The Lewis union bloc (miners, printers, men's and women's clothing workers, tex-

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ers) is for industrial unions in the mass-production industries, steel, rubber, cement, automobiles, aluminum. Millions of workers would be eligible. Every worker in a plant would be eligible irrespective of his occupation, skilled, unskilled or semi-skilled. The object is to broaden the base of the labor movement and to build on it what the industrial unionists believe will be a new or at least a remodeled structure adapted to the requirements of the times and responsive to the needs and wishes of the vast army of unorganized workers. Today, according to the C.I.O., labor wages a defensive rear-guard action at best. Every strike is a fight for maintenance of organization. Employers may still pick off one union at a time.

The craft unions fear the effect of mass-industry organization. If several millions were organized in the mass-production industries on a completely industrial basis they would have enough votes to take over the machinery of the Federation, change its policy, deprive the present leaders of their prerogatives and make a sharp break with the past. They fear also that their higher wage status would be imperiled if they became minorities in large industrial unions where wage negotiations would be carried on by spokesmen for the large groups of unskilled workers. Having controlled the administration of the Federation since its organization fifty-five years ago, the craft unions are naturally loath to relinquish their advantage.

As Green told the miners' convention, the craft unions feel they have a "proprietary" right in the charters of jurisdiction granted them by the Federation. They hold these charters to be "contracts" which permit them certain areas of organization. Other unions must not invade these jurisdictions.

The struggle has cut deep. Many animosities have been aroused. They grow more bitter daily. Since Green is president of the Federation and must carry out its mandates, the issue has been oversimplified as a duel between him and Lewis. The truth is that Green is for industrial unionism, but he feels that the majority convention vote binds him to frown on any "educational" campaign by the industrial unionists through an organization of their own between conventions. The minority, he says, should limit its debate to A.F. of L. conventions held once a year.

But dynamic issues such as those raised by the Lewis bloc will not wait for twelve-month periods. The unions in the steel, automobile and rubber industries are pitifully weak. Lewis and his associates are impatient to see these great masses organized quickly and before the next depression saps labor's resources again. The craft-union group professes to believe that such organization can be effected if the industrial unionists will only keep their peace and remain satisfied with the charters already issued to the new unions. They say that these charters would allow the auto workers, for example, jurisdiction over more than 90 percent of the men in the

How the Opposing Factions Line Up.—The craft-union forces are led by Arthur O. Wharton, president of the International Association of Machinists, a union that was once pledged to the industrial set-up. Wharton, regarded as Lewis' match in shrewdness and ability, lacks the latter's dramatic qualities. He is bitter and tenacious. The two men clashed over the Guffey bill. The machinists' leader tried to amend the bill in such a way as to permit his union to regain control over machinists employed in the mines. Lewis denounced this as a betrayal, as an effort to cripple an industrial union, and his delegates cried "shame."

Wharton is seconded by W. D. Hutcheson, president of the carpenters, next to the miners the largest union in the Federation. Between Hutcheson and Lewis there is now something like a blood feud. Yet in 1924 the two men, in a New York hotel room, agreed upon Green as successor to Samuel Gompers, who had just died.

Lewis, leader of the industrial group, is by temperament a man of action. In his early years as president of the mine workers, an office he has held since 1919, he suppressed all opposition. The Jacksonville agreement of 1924 crippled his union; the depression found it weak and sorely stricken as to membership and finances. But when the N.I.R.A. was passed, the miners put on a campaign of organization such as has seldom been seen in this country.

Since the Recovery Act the early and arbitrary Lewis has become more mellow. His mind appears to be more resilient and accessible to new ideas. He is capable of more generous gestures to his opponents. Men who fought him most bitterly are now welcomed back into the union. Among these are John Brophy, former president of District Two, Adolph Germer, Socialist leader, and Powers Hapgood.

Lewis fears that a reactionary administration, in the next depression, would try to smash the trade unions and create an American replica of fascism. If such a danger threatens, what will he do? He does not reply to hypothetical questions, preferring to act at the proper time. But it is known that he is giving thought to a possible Labor Party "when the time is ripe." That time, he believes, is not yet and that is why his union is for "Roosevelt against reaction," not for the party itself.

For the immediate future, Lewis and his associates on the C.I.O. will follow the trend of certain events and then formulate their policy. These events are bound up with the radio, auto and coke workers' unions.

Signs and Portents.—A group of radio unions (so-called federal unions directly affiliated with the Federation) asked for a national union charter two years ago. Some weeks ago the A.F. of L. Council finally denied the request. In the meantime the electrical workers' brotherhood had amended its constitution to create a Class B membership com-

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not afford to pay the dues necessary to support certain insurance and pension benefits. The Council told the radio union to go into the electrical brotherhood. The latter offered to make certain concessions if the radio workers joined it. But the radio workers would have had one vote for each local union, no matter how many members. In the Philco plant in Philadelphia the local union has some 7,000 members. Recently the radio workers refused to join the electrical brotherhood. They decided to form a national organization on their own hook and bring into it other radio and electrical unions now independent and not in the Federation. The Federation is thus confronted with a *fait accompli.* A group of local industrial unions refuses to obey its edict. Without the C.I.O. to stand by this would not have happened.

The auto workers, having been granted a national charter last August, are about to be permitted by the Executive Council to elect their own officers instead of continuing to remain under the suzerainty of officers appointed by the Federation. Will the new officers be sympathetic to the C.I.O. or not? On the answer to that question will depend the ability of the Lewis bloc to help form industrial unions in the automotive industry.

As I have said, the miners' union has amended its constitution. It is now in a position to take in coke and by-product workers who are organized into federal unions. These unions would like a national industrial-union charter. If the Federation denies this request, the miners will probably take the coke workers into their union and then the craft unions claiming some of the coke workers will be thrown into a turmoil of opposition.

Today the fight is also a struggle for membership with no holds barred. The carpenters, supposedly a craft union, have taken over timber workers, loggers and sawmill workers. This is already in the nature of a vertical set-up. The electrical workers, also calling itself a craft union, is ready to welcome an industrially organized group, the radio workers. At Federation conventions these unions vote on the craft side. With them are found the street-car union, which also includes other craft groups, the railway car-men, who have a variety of crafts, and the railway clerks, who include teamsters and freight handlers. To all of which one cynic remarked that these unions "vote craft and act industrial," thereby confessing the need of the sort of organization now being urged by the C.I.O.

LOUIS STARK.

Dramatis Personae: 1896-1902

III: *George Moore and the Irish Leaders*

IT HAD seemed for a few months that the old political groupings were about to break up, everywhere people had looked forward, expecting, speculating. A Royal Commission, its members drawn from all parties, appointed by a Conservative government, presided over by Gladstone's Lord Chancellor, had reported that the overtaxation of Ireland for the last fifty years amounted to some three hundred millions. The Irish Landlord Party, which based its politics upon the conviction that Ireland had gained by the Union, had a revulsion of conscience, Lord Castletown made a famous speech declaring that Ireland must imitate the Colonists, who flung the tea into Boston Harbor. Landlord committees were appointed in every county. Then Lord Salisbury appointed a second Royal Commission to consider the wrongs of landlords, and not one of those committees met again. There was deep disappointment. Protestant Ireland had immense prestige, Burke, Swift, Grattan, Emmet, Fitzgerald, Parnell, almost every name sung in modern song had been Protestant, Dublin's dignity depended upon the gaunt magnificence of buildings founded under the old Parliament, but wherever it attempted some corporate action, wherein Ireland stood against England, the show, its Parliament for solid money, and now it sold this cause for a phantom.

Standish O'Grady, a man past middle life, was now principal leader writer of The Daily Express, the most uncompromising of the Dublin Unionist newspapers. He was of landlord stock, based all his hopes for Ireland upon that stock. He resigned his position in despair, bought a provincial newspaper, hoped, making it a success, to buy up other provincial newspapers till he had all the provincial newspapers in Ireland. They would keep their local news, but all would contain articles, all would rouse the gentry to their duty. He wrote pamphlets, published a weekly review, the same theme recurring. A famous passage described the downfall and flight of the Catholic aristocracy, lamented by the poor, sung by poets, but their successors, he cried out, would pass unlamented, unsung. In another, fixing his thought upon the poorer gentry, he compared them to the lean hounds that are the best hunters: "Oh, lean hounds, when will you begin to hunt?"

His plans brought him misfortune. A certain man had, in his opinion, wronged and slandered a county family. He denounced him, and because the county took no notice, wrote lofty essays upon its lack of public spirit. He wrote for his equals wrote as

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Hearing a great noise under his window, he looked out, men were marching to take ship for South Africa, cheering for Kruger, at their head the man he had denounced. His words had destroyed that man's influence among those O'Grady scorned without affecting it anywhere else. He lost his head and in fierce melancholy wrote that he no longer condemned: "The poor wretch himself, but the three bad men who supported him," naming the Master of Foxhounds, the Bishop and the principal nobleman of that district. After that an action for libel and financial disaster.

Horace Plunkett had bought The Daily Express. Under T. P. Gill, an ex-Parnellite Member and London journalist, it expounded Plunkett's agricultural policy, avoiding all that might excite passion. Gill had spent his life manipulating incompatibles; at the Parnellite split he took neither side. I think of him as making toy houses with little bits of pasteboard, gummed together with stamp paper. "So-and-so is flat-footed," he would say, characterizing some person whose heavy step might shake the table, and the flat-footed abounded at the moment. The relations of England and France were disturbed, a French officer, batoned in the Dublin streets, reported to the French War Office that Ireland was ready for insurrection. Maud Gonne had persuaded that Office to take from a pigeonhole a scheme for an invasion of Ireland. A man I met in Sligo dreamed that he was entrenched in a swamp, fighting against invaders: "What will you do," somebody asked the Express editor, "if the French land at Killala?" "I will write the best article of my life," was the answer. "I will call upon my readers to remember their great tradition, to remember their own ancestors, to make up their minds with the utmost resolution, without a moment's hesitation, which side they are going to take."

Then Horace Plunkett told Gill to give a public dinner to Edward Martyn and myself. I do not remember who took the chair, or the names of more than half a dozen of the guests. Moore has described it in "Ave" but our memories differ. I doubt even his first sentence: "Not an opera hat amongst them, and no one should be seen without one . . . perhaps they have not even changed their socks." He was thinking of taking up politics, wanted to go into Parliament as an Irish patriot, had suggested, with that ingenuous way of his, that I should do the same, he would even accept me as his leader, and when I would not, wrote—or did that come later?—to John Redmond, then in control of the reunited party, and offered himself as a candidate. He came to the dinner carrying in his hand the only political speech he was ever to deliver, an attack on William O'Brien, then about to return to public life at the head of his Mayo peasants.

A little before he stood up, J. F. Taylor came, late for the dinner but in time for his main interest, orator, the greatest I have heard, doomed by the violence of his temper to speak before law students' debating societies, obscure Young Ireland societies, workmen's clubs. His body was angular, often rigid with suppressed rage, his gaze fixed upon some object, his clothes badly made, his erect attitude suggested a firm base. Moore's body was insinuating, upflowing, circulative, curvicular, popeyed. What brought Taylor, I do not know. He hated me, partly because his mind trained in Catholic schools, where formal logic had importance, was dry and abstract, except in the great flights of his rhetoric, mine romantic, but mainly because jealous of my influence with the old Fenian John O'Leary. O'Leary used to say: "I have three followers—Taylor, Yeats and Rollston." But now that Rollston had taken office under the Crown, he had but Taylor and me. He came perhaps because "The Heather Field's" lack of sensuous form, or its logical structure, attracted him.

Moore seemed timid, and was certainly all but inaudible. Taylor alone seemed to listen, but he listened stiffening. William O'Brien was his special private butt, he had denounced him for ten years as the type of that unscrupulous, reckless demagogue. How dared anybody touch his pheasant, his partridge, his snipe? What Moore said, I do not remember. I remember Taylor, though lacking the crowd of young men, the instrument on which he had learned to play, he was not at his best. "When William O'Brien was making the sacrifice of Mr. Yeats's 'Countess Cathleen,' damning his soul for his country, where was Mr. Moore? In London, in Paris?" Thereon he described Moore's life, in phrases that were perhaps influenced by Carlyle's description at the opening of his "French Revolution," of the Scarlet Woman du Barry. Moore has written that I tried to make him answer, but I was at the other side of the table, and had learned from defeats of my own not to rouse that formidable man. Moore, with "Esther Waters" and "The Mummer's Wife" to his account, one or other in the mind of every man there, had no need to answer.

Towards the end of the evening, when everybody was more or less drunk, O'Grady spoke. He was very drunk, but neither his voice nor manner showed it. I had never heard him speak, and at first he reminded me of Cardinal Manning. There was the same simplicity, the same gentleness. He stood between two tables, touching one or the other for support, and said in a low penetrating voice: "We have now a literary movement, it is not very important; it will be followed by a political movement; that will not be very important, then must come a military movement, that will be important indeed." Tyrell, professor of Greek in Trinity College, known to scholars for his share in the Tyrell-Purser edition of Cicero's Letters, a Unionist, but very drunk, led the applause. Then O'Grady described the Boy Scout Act, which had just passed,

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of that Act and drill the sons of their tenants—"paying but little attention to the age limit"—then, pointing to where he supposed England to be, they must bid them "march to the conquest of that decadent nation." I knew what was in his mind. England was decadent because democratic and so without fixed principles it had used Irish landlords, his own ancestors or living relatives, as its garrison and later left them deserted among their enemies. Tyrell, understanding nothing but the sweetness of that voice, the nobility of that gesture, continued to lead the applause. Moore for all his toil had never style. Taylor had it in flights of oratorical frenzy, but drunk or sober, idle or toiling, this man had it, their torch smoked, their wine had dregs, his element burned or ran pure.

I disliked Moore's now sentimental, now promiscuous amours, the main matter of his talk. A romantic when romanticism was in its final extravagance, I thought one woman, whether wife, mistress or incitement to platonic love, enough for a lifetime: I was a Parsifal, Tristram, Don Quixote, without the intellectual prepossessions that gave them solidity. I disliked almost as much the manner of this talk; I told him that he was more mob than man, always an enthusiastic listener or noisy interrupter. Yet I admired him and found myself his advocate. I wrote to Lady Gregory: "He is constantly so likable that one can believe no evil of him, and then in a moment a kind of devil takes hold of him, his voice changes, his look changes, and he becomes hateful. . . . It is so hard not to trust him, yet he is quite untrustworthy. He has what Talleyrand calls 'the terrible gift of familiarity.' One must look upon him as a mind that can be of service to one's cause." Moore, driven to frenzy by the Boer War, had some project of lecturing in America against an Anglo-American alliance, much talked of at the time. "I shall be glad," I wrote, "if he himself goes." (I had refused to go with him.) "Less because of any harm he may do the Anglo-American alliance than because it will help to make our extremists think about the foundations of life and letters, which they certainly do not at present. To transmute the anti-English passion into a passion of hatred against the vulgarity and materialism whereon England has founded her worst life and the whole life that she sends us, has always been a dream of mine, and Moore may help in that transmutation."

Moore, accustomed by his journalism to an immediate sensational contact with public opinion, was always urging Lady Gregory and myself to do this or that, that we might be more notorious, more popular. "How Moore lives in the present," I wrote. "If the National Theatre is ever started" (the company of players that was to succeed to the annual dramatic event with English players), "what he is and what I am will be weighed, and very little what we have said or done. A phrase more or less matters little . . . I would both be more popular if I could keep from saying what I think, and Moore from saying what he does not think. You may tell him that the wisest of men does not know what is expedient, but that we can all know what is our particular truth."

Yet to friends who complained by letter or word of mouth against my bringing such a man into the movement, I defended him and attacked his enemies. George Russell (Æ), afterwards Moore's chief Dublin friend, had complained much, and I wrote—too much aware of what I thought my own quality—"He and I are the opposite of one another. I think I understand people easily, easily sympathize with all kinds of character, easily forgive all kinds of defects. Apart from opinions which I judge too sternly, I scarcely judge people at all, am altogether lax in my attitude toward conduct. He understands nobody but himself, so must be always condemning or worshiping. He is a good judge of right and wrong so long as they can be judged apart from people, so long as they are merely action to be weighed by the moral sense. His moral enthusiasm is an inspiration, but it makes him understand ideas and not human nature. One pays a price for everything."

It was Moore's own fault that everybody hated him, except a few London painters. In one of Dostoevsky's novels there is a man who proposes that everybody present should tell his worst action; nobody takes the proposal seriously. Everybody is witty or amusing until his turn comes. He confesses that he once stole half-a-crown and left a servant girl to bear the blame. Moore might have so confessed but his confession would have been a plagiarism or a whole lie. I met a man who hated Moore because he had heard him say that he had selected a Parisian street boy, for one day dressed him in good clothes, housed him in an expensive hotel, gave him all that he wanted, then put him back into rags and turned him out to find out what would happen: a plagiarism from a well known French author. "Yeats," he said to me once, "I was sitting here in my room the other night when there was a ring. My servant was out; when I opened the door a woman ran in and threw her arms round my neck. 'At last I have found you. There were thirteen George Moores in the London Directory. You're the ninth I have called on. What? Not recollect me—not recollect the woman you raped in Paris twenty years ago?'" She had called about her daughter's musical education, he said. Had I been more sympathetic I would have heard of a new Evelyn Innes. He was jealous of his own Sir Owen Asher. He was all self and yet had so little self that he would destroy his reputation, or that of some friend, to make his audience believe that the story running in his head at the moment had happened, had only just happened.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

A fourth selection from Yeats's memoirs will be

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The Spirit of '36

AS YOU go by the theatre a radio blares at you to come inside and see the free movie offered by the Sentinels of the Republic. You remember that this is the anti-New Deal show that is going up and down the land in a valiant effort to preserve the Constitution. The movie has had plenty of publicity in the newspapers. Several cities have banned its showing completely, while others are permitting it. But the Sentinels have assured everyone that it is non-partisan. Which means that they are hopeful of turning as many Democrats as possible against the Democratic Party.

You go in. Most of the crowd is made up of men—men past their youth. Ordinarily, you'd find a great number of them in the Public Library on an afternoon like this.

The bulk of the show is subtitles. Some of them are wisecracks from anti-New Deal newspapers, others are statistics about taxation. Whoever got this movie up has taxation on the brain. He strikes at every possible prejudice. The New Deal is spending $233.88 per second and spending it foolishly—who's going to pay for all this? The Sentinels have an answer: they show a sentimental picture of today's babies.

Then comes their cartoon, "The Amateur Fireman." In an age when the animated cartoon has reached a peak of expertness and brilliance you'd think the Sentinels would know better than to turn loose such a dead and boring thing as "The Amateur Fireman." F.D.R. gets in his fire engine and drives off to put out the fire in Uncle Sam's house. The little New Deal boys, in mortar boards, climb onto the truck and go with him. But their dallying along the road prevents F.D.R. from reaching the fire. The New Deal boys unravel the hose and, in the phrase for which the Sentinels must bless Patriot Hearst, "soak the rich." Their mischief does not end here: the American working man comes down the road with his lunch pail, and he too is knocked down. Even the truck representing business is wrecked.

The film ends, the lights go up, and there is a wait between shows. Many of the men get up numbly and walk out. They haven't been a very responsive audience. The evening shows may be peppier, with speeches by ex-Senator Bingham, Colonel Henry Breckinridge and others, but the afternoon performances are dead.

The Sentinels' show is just empty malice. Now and then it draws a little chuckle, as when F.D.R.'s grin is first seen, but all the efforts of a few pumping patriots cannot stimulate more than a faint patter of applause, even when the cartoon melts into Old Glory. These are men you can't fool, that's all. They still grimly remember '31 and '32. You have to offer them more than a caricature of the executive smile and the little brain-trusters get-man expressed it on the way out, "Well, Hoover had the Constitution, didn't he, and what good did he do with it?" HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Washington Notes

Enter Mr. Hamilton, Power House of the Landon Drive—Can He Outwit Hilles-Roraback? —Borah and a (Dark) Horse Trade

THERE is a growing disposition among the Washington corps of correspondents to concede the Republican presidential nomination to Governor Landon. This is, in my opinion, unjustified. There are a number of uncertain factors in the situation, and one of them is Mr. John D. M. Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton has just become Governor Landon's campaign manager, and is likely to be both his greatest strength and his severest handicap.

Mr. Hamilton is in his early forties, a Topeka lawyer, handsome after the fashion of Mr. James Cagney, and possessed of a thirsting ego. The ambition of most full-time politicians is to make just enough to pay their bills in a second-class Washington hotel. Mr. Hamilton is not of this breed; he is bound for great power in a hurry.

A few years back, Mr. Hamilton was widely known as the boy wizard of Kansas. He made his start in politics as head of the local Young Republicans. Usually the chairmanship of a Young Republican club involves, at most, the mailing out of invitations to the annual dinner—a chore performed evenings with the help of the chairman's wife and two fellows who were in law school with him.

The arranging of meetings was kindergarten stuff to Mr. Hamilton. He quickly showed that he had the essential ability of a political boss, which is to obtain jobs for his friends. According to the later Hamiltonian legend, Young Republicans began to blossom throughout the state party organization. The Kansas Young Republicans reached an unheard-of pitch of party fervor, and became celebrated in the Middle West. Whereupon the Republican National Committee seized upon the boy wizard and made him director of the Young Republican clubs of the nation.

After Mr. Hoover's defeat in 1932, Mr. Hamilton was among those who demanded a rebuilding of the party from its foundation. This was a technical phrase meaning simply that Messrs. Hilles and Roraback should be shown the door. Without false modesty, Mr. Hamilton suggested he himself would make an ideal selection for the new big boss. A meeting of the National Committee was held shortly afterwards. In tense silence, the boy wizard polled forty-four votes for the national chairmanship, nearly defeating the Hilles-Roraback nominee, Mr. Henry P. Fletcher. Mr. Hamilton was made the party's general counsel, a job enabling him to live in Washington, travel around on an expense account and build up his own political strength.

If Governor Landon should be nominated and elected, it is a foregone conclusion who would be Republican Postmaster General and patronage dispenser. It would be Mr. Hamilton. Moreover, given Mr. Hamilton's temperament, it is fairly certain that he would run the party according to his own notions, and without benefit of

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tions have grown worse, if anything, in the last few months. One evidence of this is the recent appointment of Mr. Roraback's particular protegé, Mr. J. Kenneth Bradley, as director of the Young Republican clubs. Undoubtedly he was pushed into his present job partly to undermine Mr. Hamilton's hold on the Young Republican affections.

Next June at Cleveland, it can be predicted that Messrs. Hilles and Roraback will be looking for two qualifications in the candidate whom they favor. First will be a willingness to submit to their orders and, only secondarily, the ability to attract voters. Like all bosses, they will know that they can survive a defeat in November's election, but that they cannot survive the loss of control over the party machinery. All of which makes it unlikely that they will support Governor Landon, who is now unalterably committed to Mr. Hamilton.

It should be obvious that a great deal of Mr. Landon's present strength, particularly in the East, arises out of no especial enthusiasm for the man himself. Throughout the country, Mr. Landon is being used as a means of checking the headlong drive of Senator Borah for the Republican nomination. When the Cleveland convention opens, a large part of Mr. Landon's delegates will not be pro-Landon, but anti-Borah—not at all the same thing.

What is likely to happen at Cleveland is that, after the first few ballots, the Hilles-Roraback agents will go to the Landon delegations, and say in effect: "We, like you, are against Borah. But, by nominating Borah's chief rival, Landon, we run the risk of driving the Borah following out of the party. What we need is a man without enemies—someone whom everyone can get together on." After which Senator Vandenberg, or Senator Dickinson, or whomsoever the Hilles-Roraback agents have made a deal with, will be chosen by acclamation.

Against this probability, there is the fact that the big Eastern states have not always prevailed in Republican conventions. In 1928, Mr. Hoover defeated Messrs. Hilles and Roraback by splitting the Pennsylvania delegation. Mr. Hamilton is young, experienced, with a vast itch for power. He must be aware that this is his great chance. If he wins with Governor Landon, he can probably be the Republican boss for another generation—if the Republican Party lasts that long.

These palace intrigues of the Republicans, aside from their interest as sporting events, have a certain real importance. On broad matters of policy, it probably makes no difference whom the Republicans nominate—whether Mr. Landon or the as yet unselected dark horse of Messrs. Hilles and Roraback. Whoever he is, he will be "safe" for big business. But on minor questions, the personality of the candidate and the character of those around him may be of great significance in the event the Republicans win in November. Coolidge and Hoover represented the same economic forces, but Coolidge, a narrow-minded nationalist, permitted the country to embark on a great cruiser-building program, while Hoover, a Quaker and wartime relief administrator, fought the admirals to a standstill. Coolidge was adamant on the question of the war debts—"They hired the money, didn't they?"—while

Offhand, there would seem to be little that was hopeful in Governor Landon's record as a wage-cutter and penny-pincher. But we have not yet seen the compromise candidate whom Messrs. Hilles and Roraback will offer us.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Senator Black and His Red Methods—A Lesson in Recent History—It Makes a Difference Who Investigates What

ALL THE Republican and patriotic Democratic newspapers have broken out into a rash over what they call Senator Black's OGPU and the seizure of the telegrams.

There are one or two little points that ought to be remembered in connection with this. The first is that the Republican Party and its Democratic kin in Congress have used their power and influence for years to hamstring investigations. You have but to go back in memory to recall the indignation these same gentlemen and newspapers felt over the "outrageous" tactics of the late Senator Walsh when he was looking into the Teapot Dome scandal. Also, when Ferdinand Pecora was delving into the affairs of a lot of crooked bankers and Wall Street operators, some of our most respectable journals were continually harping on the ignoring of the rights of private individuals and the flouting of the constitutional protection against illegal seizures and searches.

The same cry went up against the Munitions Committee and of course it goes up against the Lobby Committee. The courts are there to protect invasions of rights by Senate committees. Those who invoked the courts' protection, as in the case of Silas Strawn, were proceeding intelligently and within their rights. However, while investigating committees must be restrained within constitutional limits, an infraction or two of citizens' rights, however much to be condemned, ought not to be permitted to damn a whole investigation.

Another point, when we are considering the senatorial OGPU, is to recall the Harding administration, the performances of Attorney General Daugherty and the wide use of secret agents to dog the footsteps of every person who incurred the displeasure of the administration. Cabinet members were shadowed. Members of the Senate were "tailed" by Mr. Daugherty's Cheka. And in the series of disclosures which followed that appalling era, Mr. Means testified that he had been engaged by the President's wife to shadow the President himself.

Has the public forgotten the persecution of Senator Wheeler and the unleashing of government sleuths on his trail to attempt to destroy his character, and the pitiful failure of that disgraceful episode? All this was done under the administration of the very men who are now denouncing a United States Senator who, in conformity with the forms of law, is examining the telegrams by means of which a large public-utility holding company, through thousands of forged wires, was trying to make Congressmen believe that their constituencies were in arms

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There is another little point. Under the Hoover regime —or maybe it was Coolidge—the Republican majority of the Senate, in an attempt to handicap further investigations, made a resolution that no Senate committee could pay any employee in an investigation more than $300 a month. When the salary cuts under Hoover were put into effect this meant in practice a limitation of $255 a month.

An effective investigation without competent counsel is very difficult. And one can see with half an eye that it is not easy to get competent counsel for $60 a week. The Banking and Currency Committee was fortunate in getting Ferdinand Pecora, who could make ten times that amount in private practice, to abandon his practice for two years at $255 a month as a patriotic service to the government. It is also difficult to get able accountants to direct the work of research in large investigations for these sums. But the investigated come down to Washington surrounded by hundred-thousand-dollar lawyers and high-priced accountants—legions of them.

The whole incident illustrates one important thing. When we speak of "business," and particularly "Big Business," in politics, this may be taken to refer to two groups—the power gangs and the promotional bankers. As every citizen knows, the operations of these two gangs cannot stand the spotlight. And right now these two gangs have succeeded in dragooning, through their hold on the press, all of American business into a bitter struggle against the Roosevelt administration. There are a lot of business men who are a little bewildered by the whole thing. But the power and promoter-banker gangs are able to run the show. It is their ox that is being gored and legitimate business is risking its own skin to save the property of these adventurers.

I might add that in New York State investigating Tammany Hall is one of the favorite pastimes of the Republican administration. Almost every Tammany administration has been investigated by a Republican committee. In the prosecution of such investigations the same methods as those used in Washington are always adopted and are always applauded by our respectable journals, as, for instance, when Mr. Seabury was summoning the bank accounts of Tammany leaders and officials. He not only examined their public acts, but went to the banks where their funds were kept and forced the banks to give him complete records of the private affairs of these men and of their families. Of course that was all right because it was directed at wicked Democratic politicians. They were wicked all right, but as grafters they were only amateurs compared with the promoters in big business who know how to knock off in a single deal more than all the Tammany grafters in the Hall can collect in an administration.

At this very moment various Republican leaders are demanding investigations of the W.P.A., of the Relief Administration and of various administration activities. And one may be sure, if such an investigation is made, it will use all the orthodox and necessary devices for getting facts.

The soreheads who are now wincing at Black's action forget that the Banking and Currency Committee investigation of Wall Street was started by Hoover, not Roosevelt. Republican majority [illegible] to "get" two or three Democratic politicians, notably Raskob and Baruch, who were erroneously believed by Hoover to be engaged in short selling in Wall Street.

One of the current heroes of the Republicans is Mr. Justice Roberts of the Supreme Court, who wrote the majority opinion in the A.A.A. case. Another Republican saint is Mr. Chief Justice Hughes. Why was Mr. Roberts made a Justice? Was it not in reward for his services as head of the Teapot Dome cases? And how did Mr. Hughes break into politics? Was it not because of his famous investigation of the insurance frauds? Have people forgotten the methods followed in both those investigations? Mr. Hughes was one of the most ruthless probers in history. He spared no one and nothing. There are plenty of other illustrations of G.O.P. probers and record seizers.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

New York Becomes Labor-Conscious—Strike-Breakers as a Crime Problem—Organized Labor Is Gaining Friends

NEW YORK CITY has been a strange place during the past two weeks. Wherever you went, you found people in all walks of life talking about "the strike." And stranger yet, you found them talking and thinking and feeling—many for the first time in their lives—in terms of labor, the right to organize, the closed shop, decent working conditions. The cause of it all was the strike of some 30,000 building-service employees in office buildings and apartment houses throughout the city.

Quite unexpectedly, I am sure, these workers—mostly elevator operators—marching back and forth on the picket line, brought the class struggle right into the homes of thousands of New Yorkers who, a few weeks ago, could not have told you the difference between the open and closed shop or which was preferable from labor's point of view. It was really extraordinary to see this happen in a city that has long prided itself on its hard-boiled indifference to the way the other fellow lives, or makes a living. A more or less typical incident was that of an elderly lady who was asked to sign a petition requesting her landlord to settle with the union. Taking part in a labor dispute was quite plainly a new experience for her, and she was reluctant to make up her mind. Finally, however, she signed her name, adding somewhat triumphantly, "Well, I've crossed the Rubicon!"

The chief demands of the union were for a closed shop and an increase in pay of $2 a week, raising minimum wages to the munificent range of $78 to $98 a month, depending on the class of buildings. But in the settlement announced last Sunday neither of these demands was granted. The workers return under the same conditions that existed prior to the strike. However, the building owners, represented by the Realty Advisory Board, have agreed to submit minimum wages to immediate arbitration —a thing they had flatly refused to do before the strike. They have also agreed to reëmploy all strikers except those accused of violence, whose cases are to be arbitrated.

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the best organized strikes (outside of the garment industry) that New York has seen in many years. Yet even these meager concessions are largely attributable, I think, to the unusual and spontaneous public sympathy for the strikers. For this not only gave the strikers (who were receiving no benefit payments) the courage to hold their ranks solid, but threw the realty men into a state bordering on hysteria. They had hoped that the inconveniences of the strike—interrupted elevator service, inadequate heating, etc.—would antagonize the public and force the union to abandon its fight, completely wrecked. Instead of this, they found their tenants and the public fraternizing with the strikers, in some cases climbing stairs rather than ride with strike-breaking elevator operators and even organizing tenants' defense committees to bring pressure on them (the landlords) to grant the union's demands. In more than 500 buildings such pressure forced independent settlements that gave the workers virtually all of their original demands.

Without doubt the strikers were deeply indebted to the Realty Advisory Board for help in swinging the public behind their cause. The realty men were determined to smash the union, and in carrying out this policy they put on an almost unbelievable exhibition of the public-and-tenants-be-damned spirit. Even The New York Times, always a staunch defender of the rights of property, found itself unable to go along with the building owners. Editorially, it appealed to them to be reasonable, to consider the public welfare and to deal with the union.

All of which brings us to an illuminating example of the callous disregard of other people's property rights on the part of men who are supposed to respect such rights. The amazing effectiveness of the strike caught the realty men by surprise and they were compelled to recruit overnight an army of strikebreakers. They did this on a wholesale scale, getting their supply from private strikebreaking detective agencies. Anyone who has read Edward Levinson's splendid study of these agencies, "I Break Strikes," knows the quality of the men they furnish—thugs and strong-arm men, many of them with criminal records. But this did not feaze the realty men, despite their professed concern for the public. They even went to some of the agencies exposed in Mr. Levinson's book and to these men, incompetent as well as dangerous and hired without any investigation of their past records, they turned over their buildings for "protection." As a result of this policy, the New York City police now fear an unprecedented crime wave. "Letting crooks into those apartment houses," said Police Captain William Reynolds, "was the worst setback we have had in checking crime in many years." One strikebreaker, out of jail a few months, has already been credited with a $55,000 robbery of a Park Avenue apartment.

Of course, the Realty Advisory Board now condemns the consequences of its ill advised policy. Yet that hardly absolves it of responsibility and, anyway, the Board's present regrets are apparently not to be taken too seriously. Throughout the strike it blocked a settlement by insisting on retaining the strikebreakers in employment after the strike. Thus the public and the tenants of New York City have had a most instructive, first-hand lesson in the tactics of industrial warfare. And they have seen, in this strike at least, that the tactics of the workers were more honorable and more worth [illegible] of effecting a Soviet government in this country."—*The*

Certainly the most significant thing about the building-service strike is the public backing that it has won. It is significant because there are indications that it reflects a growing sympathy among large masses toward labor organization, perhaps even a growing awareness of the great need for such organization. This was evident a few months ago in the strike of the Newspaper Guild of New York on The Amsterdam News, when labor, business and civic groups in Harlem supported the Guild. Much the same thing is now happening in Milwaukee, where the Guild is striking the Hearst-owned Wisconsin News. Likewise in Akron, Ohio, where some 15,000 rubber workers have been on strike for nearly a month, labor and other groups are united solidly behind the Rubber Workers' Union. The Governor has refused to call out the National Guard and the local sheriff has made no serious effort to enforce an injunction against picketing. Such friendliness to strikers is unusual and it is to be explained, I think, solely on the grounds that labor has threatened a general strike should either of these actions be taken. These things may be merely coincidences, but I suspect that they are more, that they reflect a growing realization that an injury to one is the concern of all. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

The Bandwagon

This week The New Republic revives a department suspended some time ago: The Bandwagon. In it we propose to reproduce some of the weird and wonderful observations of the great, the self-elected great and the not-so-great. Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Unless a request to the contrary is made, we shall publish the name and address of the contributor.—THE EDITORS.

How long must unemployment continue because New Deal professors that never really earned a living, never created anything in the way of a job, continue amusing themselves with public moneys?

Thanks to Mayor LaGuardia . . . this city will have fifty-eight million more government dollars to spend on employment. . . . That money is brought here by Mayor LaGuardia, and workers that get jobs, merchants whose business will be improved . . . should know and appreciate it.—*Two items in adjacent columns of The New York Daily Mirror, issue of March 11.*

The American Legion is willing to go to any lengths to get information on the subversive activities of Communists in this country, according to Homer Chaillaux, Englewood, California, National Americanism Chairman of the Legion. . . .

Mr. Chaillaux laughingly told of buying highballs and dinners for girls working in Communist organizations to obtain information from them.

"I try to be a regular fellow when I take the girls out to dinner and buy them a few drinks," he said. . . . "I often give suggestions on how better to carry on the work

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The participants [the Japanese militarists who murdered a group of government officials] apparently were young men, entirely loyal to the Emperor, who felt that they must express their views in some emphatic way.—*Ambassador Saito, quoted in The New York World Telegram, February 26.*

I'm confident that when the elections are held, many who have registered as Democrats for various reasons will vote as their conscience dictates, and that California will be safely Republican.—*Herbert Hoover, quoted in The New York Herald Tribune, March 5.*

Wealthy persons, in their own interest, should contribute to the University of Detroit. Contributions by millionaires would cut their income taxes. If any school is a bulwark against Communism it is a school of our type. This is a further reason why we might expect millionaires to contribute in self-protection.—*The Reverend A. H. Poetker, president, quoted in The Detroit News, February 7.*

In the opinion of this editorial page, Miss Nell Brinkley is far and away the ablest American newspaper artist, delighting all women and all intelligent men.—*The New York Daily Mirror, February 10, 1936.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Soviet Russian Pros and Cons

SIR: In your issue of February 26 you printed letters which expressed complete agreement with Mr. Soule's opinion of the Soviet Union. If they were thus given the chance of being printed, I also hope that you will allow me to voice my opinion. Having spent a month in the Soviet Union a year ago, being equipped with three of the six official languages in use there, and having traveled some 3,000 miles (most of the places visited by Mr. Soule himself), I failed to leave the Soviet Union with impressions similar to those of Mr. Soule. Nor did the facts observed, or the truths perceived through facts, compel me to come to a conclusion anything like his.

It is futile to raise an argument on any particular matter, for fear of being confounded with Hearst, as was the lot of Mr. Chamberlin in the hands of his overwise "critics." I prefer to ask a few questions of Mr. Soule.

1. He states that the "Soviet State is not in the business of putting on a show for 25,000 tourists." If it is not for that purpose, and also for the purpose of mulcting the tourist of the omnipotent *valuta*, what is the purpose of organizing the Intourist agency, with its attendant extraterritorial privileges, an agency that undoubtedly spends more money for advertisement in this country alone than for the "surveillance of the visitors" in the Soviet Union?

2. "Many of the things that the casual tourists are not allowed to see are the best," he states. What does he consider as such, excepting the war machinery and military depots, and why are not the casual tourists permitted to see things that are best?

3. There may be "a terrific shortage of labor," and if so, why don't the Soviet authorities allow the Communists from other countries to go and work there; or, why don't they allow such Communists to remain there when they get in as tourists? What makes him think that there is such a shortage of labor?

4. "Bread and rolls are available in variety and abundance." Are such things in abundance for the tourists or for the Soviet citizens, and if these are in abundance, why should the prices remain abnormally high? (When I inquired a year ago, the average laborer was receiving 125-150 rubles per month, and at that time bread sold for two rubles per kilogram. There has been no appreciable change in the price scale since then.)

5. Referring to the quality of plays produced, he states: "The audience demands something from the performance." How is that demand voiced and how is it expressed save through the editorials of Izvestia or Pravda? In connection with constructive self-criticism, he says that "it is not only the right but also the duty of every citizen to criticize what he does not like." Perhaps so, but is it expressed at all, and if so, by whom and in what manner?

6. Referring to the price of books, he says that "in our eyes it is very low." It is low, to be sure, for the visitor (though not any more, since the recent rate of exchange) but is it low for the Soviet citizen? Why did he not translate the price of any commodity into some standard specie along with the wages paid to the Soviet worker?

7. If the Soviet land is as Mr. Soule believes it to be, why then does not the government allow its citizens to travel abroad? If the government thinks its citizens are satisfied and contented, why should it fear their staying abroad and "padlock" its frontiers against foreign ideas?

Reviewing Goldwin Smith's "Irish History," Lord Acton stated that it contains many facts and a few truths. Mr. Soule's articles contain some facts, and I hope he kindly will allow us to have some truths.

A. O. SARKISSIAN,
Research Assistant in History,
Champaign, Ill. University of Illinois.

["The truth" about Russia, like the truth about any other country, depends largely on the observer. I can answer Mr. Sarkissian's challenges to my statements of fact.

1. The Soviet Union, like most other European countries, invites tourists because it values the foreign exchange they bring. (It does not "mulct" them, but gives good value for the low rates charged.) But my point was that its main business is building a good life for its citizens, not putting on a deceptive front for its visitors.

2. The best things about the U.S.S.R. are the operation of its social services, its planning bodies, its intimate life, its scientific institutes, not its hotels, museums and tourist agencies. The high type of citizen responsible for vital activities is too busy to be bothered with casual tourists.

3. I don't know the rules about Communists, but workers from other countries do go to fill jobs in the Soviet Union. It is, however, the policy of the government to train their own citizens for the necessary work as rapidly as possible. The evidence of the shortage of labor is visible on every hand, and I know of no competent observer who denies it. I refer my correspondent to Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who ought to know if anybody does.

4. Bread is available in abundance for everybody. When Mr. Sarkissian was there, most workers bought their food in closed shops, at lower prices than those quoted on the open market. Since then, contrary to his statement, prices have fallen drastically on the open markets, and food has become so abundant that all food cards and closed stores have been abandoned.

5. The attitude of the audience toward the performance is plainly visible in the theatre, where its concentrated attention is remarkable. Criticism is expressed in this, as in other affairs, by means of conversation, debate in the countless meetings that take place, and through the many agencies of what the Webbs call a "multiform democracy." Resolutions are passed and printed in the thousands of newspapers and magazines.

6. The price of books in the Soviet Union is low, even in relation to the earnings of Soviet citizens. If this were not so, they would not have such tremendous sales. It is almost an impossible statistical task to make any comparison between real wages in the Soviet Union and those in the United States because of the entirely different scale of relative prices (some things being very low and others very high) and because of the large amount of social insurance and other free services. It is obvious that the average worker cannot buy so many things with his cash income as the employed

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worker in the United States. Even here, exceptions have to be made because of our sweated industries.

7. Soviet citizens are allowed to travel abroad, if they can afford it. Many are actually sent for industrial training or other purposes. They must, it is true, obtain permits, but apparently this regulation is a safeguard against communication of unreliable persons with counter-revolutionary agencies. If the nation "padlocks" the frontier against foreign ideas, why does it invite tourists, engineers, scientists, artists, and why does it translate foreign books? Incidentally, Mr. Sarkissian should remember that our immigration laws padlock our frontiers against Russian and other foreign Communists.—GEORGE SOULE.]

An Appeal to Poets

SIR: I hope that you can find room in your columns to publish this appeal from a theatre to the poets—thereby reversing the usual order of petition from the poets to the enthroned stage.

Under the wing of the Works Progress Administration, the Federal Theatre is getting ready to hatch out a Poetic Theatre. The first play, W. H. Auden's "Dance of Death," with music by Clair Leonard, is already in rehearsal. The benevolent patronage of Uncle Sam ought to assure the public that this latest attempt to create a theatre for the poet will not be stillborn.

We have drawn up no hidebound, or hifalutin program for this theatre; our only guides are that the poet's effort shall be dramatic in form, aware of modern life, and that it shall contribute something to it. However, we must confess a slight predilection for emotions couched in the vein of laughter.

Our appeal to the poets is that they send us scripts. Their interest is the primary assurance of the continued existence of the Federal Poetic Theatre. The theatre's address is 701 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

New York City.

The League for Mutual Aid

SIR: Founded in 1920 by a united-front group of liberals and radicals to do something about the rehabilitation of the conscientious war objectors then being released from the federal jails, the League for Mutual Aid originally sought jobs and direct financial aid for these individuals. Almost immediately, though, the aims of the organization were broadened to include aid to the conscientious objector to the profit system or to social injustice of any sort.

For sixteen years the League for Mutual Aid has fulfilled its trust. Individuals of all parties and all faiths in the progressive vanguard of American life were aided without thought of their radical political shadings. The membership comprises persons as varied as Robert Morss Lovett, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, E. C. Lindeman, William Browder, Oswald Garrison Villard, Norman Thomas, Harvey O'Connor and Carle Whitehead.

The Revolving Loan Fund of $15,000, consisting of deposits, is for the purpose of meeting the emergency needs of members and their friends. No interest or loan fee of any sort is charged at any time and loans are granted without the usual red tape.

The League also maintains a free employment agency. In 1935 an average of a job a day was filled through our office. The jobs vary from executives to positions as houseworkers. In these times, with the American Liberty League and all other instruments of reaction in its wake preparing a new offensive against decent elements in the land, it is of utmost importance that a broad united-front organization like the League for Mutual Aid receive full support. The League in the past sixteen years has demonstrated that a broad united front can function. Today the particular function of the League in the new, vast united front, now being welded against reaction, merits the support of progressive America. In order that we may be able to carry on we must increase our membership, which is $5 a year, and enlarge deposits in our Revolving Loan Fund. Our adress is 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Merina Luque, chairman of the National Committee for Amnesty in Cuba, tells us there are now more than 3,000 political prisoners in that country suffering unjust detention and in many cases cruelty and torture. The Cuban government frequently has promised an amnesty law and persons who sympathize with the cause of Cuban workers are asked to write to President José A. Barnet and Colonel Fulgencio Batista, head of the army, urging the immediate passage of such a law.

Henry C. Segal, editor of The American Israelite, sends us an editorial from that publication calling attention to the plight of John Montjoy, a young Negro who is scheduled to be hanged in Covington, Kentucky, on April 3 for criminal assault on a white girl. The editorial points out that no Negro was on the trial jury, that there is strong basis for believing the alleged confession was obtained under duress and that the record shows that Montjoy was not tried fairly, and urges that he be granted a new trial.

The Saturday Review of Literature announces a cash prize of $1,000 donated by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf of Cleveland in memory of her father, to be awarded August 1 of each year to a sound and significant book published in the previous twelve months on the subject of racial relations. Henry Seidel Canby, Henry Pratt Fairchild and Donald Young will act as judges and books may be submitted to the Anisfield Award Committee, care of The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Helen Cramp says that the National Gallup Defense Committee, 41 East Twentieth Street, New York City, is seeking a fund of $5,000 to finance an appeal for the convicted Gallup miners which comes up in April. She also asks that workers and sympathizers send letters—particularly valued if they can be written in Spanish—to the prisoners, Juan Ochoa, Leandro Velarde, and Manuel Avitia, at State Penitentiary, Sante Fé, New Mexico. . . . Adelaide Fine, secretary, announces the formation of the American Music League to unite all music lovers without regard to race, color, creed or political affiliations. Headquarters are at Room 531, 799 Broadway, New York City. . . . Kenneth Haan, secretary of the United Korean Christian Society of Hawaii, protests against the oppression of 550,000 Korean Christians, who are forced to accept Japanese religious forms against their will.

Norman Burnstine, 300 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York City, has printed an edition of stamped postal cards addressed to officials of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company protesting against the banning of the filming of Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here." He will supply them to interested parties at two cents apiece, or $18 per thousand. . . . M. McNeill thinks that the stock market is purely a gambling device serving no useful purpose and suggests that speculation might be reduced if banks were prohibited from making loans of more than 60 percent of the actual value of securities offered as collateral.

What's on the Air?

Senator Elmer Benson, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota, discusses "The Farmer-Labor Party in 1936." Friday, March 20, 10:45 to 11 P.M., C.B.S.

Senator Borah of Idaho will discuss campaign issues. Saturday, March 21, 8:45 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Dr. Thomas Hunt Morgan, Nobel prize-winner, will describe advances in biology and genetics. Saturday, March 21, 10:30 to 11 P.M., C.B.S.

Governor Eugene Talmadge speaks on New Deal politics. Saturday, March 21, 10:30 to 10:45 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Pierre de Lanux, speaking from Paris, analyzes the Franco-German crisis. Sunday, March 22, 12:45 to 1 P.M., C.B.S.

Donald Richberg and others on "The Constitution and the New Deal." Tuesday, March 24, 7:45 P.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

William McAndrew addressing National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Wednesday, March 25, 2:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Sanford Bates, United States Commissioner of Prisons, and others, debating the crime problem. Thursday, March 26, 9:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

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The McClintics' Shaw

Saint Joan, by Bernard Shaw. Martin Beck Theatre, March 9, 1936.

THE COMPANY for "Saint Joan" is unusually generous. Not often do we see so many actors, each good in himself and balancing a scene's dramatic values, as the scene of the trial, for example. Besides Miss Cornell, there are Mr. Arthur Byron, Mr. Eduardo Ciannelli, Mr. John Cromwell, Mr. George Coulouris and several other players, all establishing their roles with notable pressure and differentiation. Mr. Jo Mielziner's single stage structure, varied with great ingenuity and invention, is admirable; indeed, for the trial scene the contrivance and the drama of his design rise to a very high plane.

Mr. Guthrie McClintic's directing has simplified the play and vastly furthered its emotional values and its theatrical continuity. There is something forthright and distinct in his stage movement; and there is a very interesting sense that the director's mind was on the play itself rather than on the author. In fact, Mr. McClintic's directing of "Saint Joan" might serve as the basis for an essay on the problem of Shaw's future. It could even be said that the theatrical future of Shaw's plays may seem a little different now that we see the way in which the cheap witticisms and Shavian whimsies, so badly dated, can be passed over. Obviously, the prosperity of most stage humor depends on the actor's projection of it; the timing, the tone, the expectation on the actor's part are what make most stage points go over the footlights. These days at performances of Shaw plays you can tell the would-be appreciators—the hopeful sophisticates—in the audience by the eagerness and extra breath with which they are waiting to laugh at the acknowledged Shavian tricks in humor, the more trivial and extraneous the merrier. You can, on the other hand, tell the appreciators of Shaw at his best, or tell them partly at least, by the gloom that settles over them when such passages, willful, insistent and obvious, cut across the movement of a scene.

Time and again Mr. McClintic's players went past one of these unhappy moments before the audience knew it. Mr. George Coulouris, to take an example, as Master John de Stogumber, made a triumph of this. The many quips and the coquettish slaps at the British audience sounded like sheer aspects of character; the poor devil seemed to register his own feelings and quirks without the actor's having time to spring the playwright's jokes for us. Such a process made Shaw seem less antic and smart, but the characters seem more real. To take another, and simpler, example, when Miss Cornell's Joan called the great by familiar names—Charlie for the king will serve as an illustration—she turned what might seem sheer stage clowning, arch *lèse-majesté,* into more or less negligible peasant or camp soldier plainness. And, yet, another thing must be said: this submersion or blurring of the Shavian fun, as it were—or was—does serve to make the play seem longer. Some of the scenes appear duller. If so, they are, at least, dull in the right direction. The amount of poor taste and basic instability is reduced.

for "Saint Joan," plus very high claims to greatness. I cannot see "Saint Joan" as a great play. The story employed out of history is essentially moving; its suspense and conflict of characters are essentially dramatic. The defects of the play lie in garrulity and confused detail, in the trivial relief effects, in too much personal assertion on the author's part, and in a stupid and obvious epilogue. There is over most of the play such an air of facile articulation that the sense of tragic pity is deterred and the positions of mere argument entrenched. And in the epilogue of the king's dream, when the various persons having kneeled to Joan and asked her blessing, will not say that they really would desire her return, the point is characteristic Shaw but is nothing profoundly rooted in human truth. Twenty-five years have passed since her death, and Joan is now blessed. What these men, each in his own character, kneel to is not the Maid of Domremy, but every one to the sainthood within him. What they kneel to is not to the saint in nature, but her fulfilment in the idea. So that the bright Shavian point is, in essence, only quizzical; in stage fact it is stripped of its one-time snap and in epoch sadly dated.

The great thing about "Saint Joan," therefore, is by no means this use of anti-climax, or this social comment, or this lively articulation of what great saints and dramatists and poets have found inexpressible. The great thing about "Saint Joan" is its movement toward the conception that finally flames in the trial scene. The theme progresses toward this climax in the struggle between the "old Protestant right of private judgment" and the body of traditional authority. The individual is pitted against something that is both larger and smaller than himself. It is in this poor girl's case inevitable that the individual should lose. It is divine and profound that, as Shaw paints the struggle, the traditional authority should sense what has been lost to itself in barring this pure soul. To this scene and climax, by a wonderful stroke, Shaw has added the pity of the judges themselves in their realization that Joan does not even understand what has been said. The ideas here are, of course, only those implicit in the great social wisdom of the traditional Church, but Shaw's writing is magnificent. The body of the play is for this scene, at least, lifted to the plane of greatness.

While the trial scene came off with such splendor, the admired tent scene went much less well. This was largely due to Mr. Brian Aherne, whose Warwick, plausible as it is on the surface, lacks really all dynamics. He is the type of actor who rests too much on the stage. And Mr. Aherne entrusts too much to the chance of our sharing the romantic tryst that he appears to be keeping with himself.

Miss Katharine Cornell understands the role with all her luminous absorption. I would only suggest that—besides not bothering with the theory seemingly common among actresses that men's feet stay far apart—she use more economy at times. In the scene by the Loire, for instance, there is too much mere banal exaltation and voice. The most expressive thing in Miss Cornell's art is the power she has of bringing on to the stage a kind of trance in which she moves, strangely alone among the players and yet gentle—a trance and seeming restatement

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Britons Never Never

THE TERM "Floating Republic" meant something in eighteenth-century England. It meant that in the year 1797, with England worn out, scared and full of hate from fighting the French, a working minority of those who manned the rigging and laid the cannon and boarded the enemy, for the undying naval glory of a whole empire-full of traders, had organized to say with wonderful calm and resolution that they would not man nor lay nor board until such glory was worth more than any ship's company had ever seen of it so far—the rotten beef, floggings and drunken doctors, virtual imprisonment for months in pest-houses afloat, the absurd wages which either weren't paid or were chivvied back directly, the press gangs, the uncertainty of getting a discharge, let alone leave. The Floating Republic meant mutiny, but such a reasoned, respectful mutiny, such a quiet standing together of all non-commissioned men in the line ships lying at Spithead, that a proud nation could do nothing more than stall for a while, mouth speeches, try all the angles of the official double-cross, and finally give in from sheer awe and fright, extending a handsome recognition to its seamen, gunners, quartermasters as being men who not only advanced the colors (hurrah, and Britons never never) without fuss at the proper time, but who ate (alas) and flushed their bowels.

But that was an old war and England is not shaking in her comfortable boots ashore any longer, and today we have no idea of what might be meant by a Floating Republic. And the choice of such a title is characteristic of this book,[1] written about that forgotten time by a naval historian and a writer. Manwaring and Dobrée have done a lot of research; they have indignation and a sense of wrong; they reconstruct, they quote helpfully, they tabulate invaluable sources. But they are always forestalling climaxes, wasting time, fearing the unknown factors like scholarly angels where some fool of a novelist would have rushed in nobly and either bogged down or made the thing complete and splendid. In short, they simply have not got the sense of fiction that, conscious or not, must be present at the creation of all true history, so that truth will build up patiently or break in resounding periods upon the average man, who has no time for adding up minute facts and less patience for those who come along with nothing more than the total.

The mutiny at the Nore (which takes up the second half of this book) is an even more difficult subject for its method of treatment. At Spithead the men were solidly together under superb, if anonymous, leadership; they knew what they wanted; they had the country in an iron grip, yet transgressed no law or even social canon, discounting the cries of "Jacobin!" by shrewdly emphasizing their loyalty to the Crown, offering to sink the French if they so much as put a raft into the Channel. They replaced their officers with a committee of able men who carried on in the best interests of the fleet, negotiating their business with a dignity, adroitness and candor that put to shame the management of the government itself. Having in Bridwell an admiral with sense and enough imagination to know the powder mine they were all sitting on, they were not forced into such measures as might excite property owners; they were not so much a mutiny as a labor strike—but against no particular vested interest. And so they won, after four trying weeks, because it was not made to seem to the general public that anyone had to lose.

The men who were on the ships then at the Nore were not so well organized. They were caught flat-footed by the outbreak at Spithead, and left looking foolish by the present settlement there (the talking points had been wages and leave, and these were now granted generally; but the chief resentment was against the brutality of life in specific ships, which is not easy to put into an orderly resolution). At the Nore they couldn't go ahead and they couldn't go back; they were in the shadow of the yardarm from the start and their rebellion was more desperate, feverish, flickering with excessive violence.

The Admiralty, naturally, had learned nothing. It was stupid by nature and irritable from the month's work at Spithead. The harbor was fortified and garrisoned; money and troops were raised and the twenty-nine ships eventually drawn into the movement were clamped in a state of siege. So the men had to capture merchant ships for the supplies, and so the merchants came down on them, yammering bloody murder. Among the mutineers there was confusion, increasing dismay and talk of going over to the French or off to some such fastness as Pitcairn, what not. Ships began to steal away—toward the last under fire—hunger, suspense, desperation finally broke the spirit of the six chief ships, and the last of the rebels turned themselves over to the court-martial board, which had twenty-nine executed, nine flogged and twenty-nine imprisoned. Richard Parker, the dupe partly of circumstances, partly of the more incendiary spirits who had used him as a front, and partly of his own broody, unbalanced but humane nature, gave himself up as the leader and met execution morning with a quiet bitterness that was characteristic of the lurid aimlessness of those events. "Remember," he had written to a friend the night before,

> never to make yourself the busy body of the lower classes, for they are cowardly, selfish and ungrateful; the least trifle will intimidate them. . . . The ignorant and violent will call me a criminal, but when it is remembered what were the demands I made for my unprincipled employers, I know the discreet part of mankind will acquit me of criminality. . . . Parting with life is no more than going to sleep, and God in His mercy grant I may sleep sweetly after my worldly toils. . . .

And the country felt better. It had had a nasty scare, but breath and bank drafts could be drawn freely again; and if it had learned any more than Parker about men, and the social forces set in motion by them, and the futility of misunderstanding or running counter to either, it did not show this immediately, the flogging awarded one of those convicted of sedition at the Nore running to the lethal measure of three hundred and eighty lashes.

[1] The Floating Republic, by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée.

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Voices of Revolution

Proletarian Literature in the United States, edited by Granville Hicks. New York: International Publishers. 384 pages. $2.50.

THE OLD bitter challenges to the bourgeois as critic, writer and human being (in answer to the old bitter challenges of the bourgeois to the proletarian as critic, writer and human being) ring out right at the start in Joseph Freeman's introduction to "Proletarian Literature in the United States." Nothing, I am afraid, will ever change this. We shall all meet at the barricades shouting, or writing, invective at the top of our voices. Interspersed, of course, with sound arguments (to which the other side will not listen). The bourgeois writer and critic and the proletarian writer and critic do not seem to be able to meet, sanely, on a forum. Their meeting place is the battlefield. They are cat and dog, Smith and Roosevelt. This cannot, I suppose, be changed and it is a rather melancholy reflection. Out of it are bound to come distortion, exaggeration and, what is probably worse, triviality. But it presents a colorful, if meaningless, free-for-all, which members of both armies, being human beings born of war, are bound to find rather more pleasurable than deplorable.

Mr. Freeman sets himself a large and important task in his introduction and, in great part, he discharges it well, the great part being an explanation of, and argument for, the values of revolutionary art. But here and there the old urge springs up, the old bitter desire to take irrelevant cracks at bourgeois literature (without specific instances) and at the more intimate emotions of the bourgeoisie, all the more intimate emotions of all the bourgeoisie. He hates to use the word "love" in relation to them. Thus he speaks of "lechery" and of "flirtations"; when he does use the word "lovers" he joins it up with "loafers." This petty bitterness—it seems almost a neurosis—disfigures his arguments. He writes:

> Every writer creates not only out of his feelings, but out of his knowledge and his concepts and his will. . . . The feelings of the proletarian writer are molded by his experience and by the science which explains that experience, just as the bourgeois writer's feelings are molded by his experiences and the class theories which rationalize them. Out of the experiences and the science of the proletariat the revolutionary poets, playwrights and novelists are developing an art which reveals more forces in the world than the love of the lecher and the pride of the Narcissist.

Well, there you are: the old slipping out of a sonorous and imposing argument into what is nothing more than a hot-tempered jibe, a silly sweeping insinuation. It is odd how that kind of thing has somehow or other become one of the major points in the literary battle. Studies of the effects of class backgrounds and social concepts upon the emotions belong in such works as "Middletown," or in articles by themselves, but they should scarcely be flung helter-skelter into an analysis of the kind Mr. Freeman sets out to write, particularly if they degenerate into what has the thin ring of an absurd personal insult. So much of the critical writing of both proletarians and bourgeoisie sounds as if the writer were striking back at some individual who has been striking at him. I am afraid that is too often the case. Schoolgirls; boys behind the barn. And literature can go die, on the barricades, or behind the barn.

But this is not getting into the book, which is divided don't look at me), Drama and Literary Criticism. It runs to 384 pages. It contains selections from the work of proletarian writers in the past five or six years. I have read it with great interest and I believe anybody with any sense of what is going on, would also. I was mainly interested in the fiction; first, because it takes up more than a third of the volume; second, because, of the five divisions, I care most for fiction.

The fiction here I found uneven: sincere generally, sometimes groping, often hysterical or overwrought, now and then distinctly moving. The only thing in this section that I think can last is John Dos Passos' "The Body of an American" from "1919." Many of the other authors have the fault of whipping themselves up to a lather, or whipping their characters up to a lather, whereas Dos Passos whips his reader up to a lather. Somewhere in this book there should be a critical piece on his method. It might well have been put in, under Literary Criticism, in place of Mr. Gold's famous attack on Thornton Wilder, which seems as dated as the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, or in place of Phillips' and Rahv's "Recent Problems of Revolutionary Literature," which loses its points in a mass of heavy, difficult and pedantic writing. For what some of these proletarian writers need to learn is simply how to write, not only with intensity, but with conviction, not only with a feeling for the worker but a feeling for literary effects. Even the Erskine Caldwell of "Daughter" (by which flabby story he is unfortunately represented here) might learn from Dos Passos. Compare (and you'll have to read both pieces to see the really important difference) Caldwell's refrain: "Daughter woke up hungry again . . . I just couldn't stand it" with Dos Passos': "Say buddy cant you tell me how I can get back to my outfit?" The first flops, the second gets you.

Many of the stories are simply not convincing. I have read several two or three times to see if I could discover why. I think I found a few reasons. You don't always believe that these authors *were there,* ever had been there; that they ever saw and heard these people they write about. They give you the feeling that they are writing what they want these people to have said. This seems to me an important point. It is not the subject matter, but the method of presentation, I believe, which has raised the bourgeois cry of "propaganda." Proletarian literature must be written by men and women with a keen ear and eye for gestures and for words, for mannerisms and for idioms, or it fails. Jack Conroy catches perfectly the words of the Negro in his "A Coal Miner's Widow" (particularly in the fine paragraph on page 58 beginning "'Scuse me!"); but I don't feel reality—I vaguely feel some literary influence—in most of Ben Field's "Cow." And he should be forever ashamed of having written this sentence: "He said something about her being without either and without clothes, but for the sake of somebody who liked him, as he had been unable to get her off, he had had all added." But then read his "The Cock's Funeral" in the first issue of Partisan Review and Anvil; it is fine, and it has what nothing in this anthology has: humor. Some of the richest humor in the world is the humor of the American proletariat.

I think Albert Halper fails to make his scab taxi-driver come to life. I did not believe the driver and I did not believe his fares; I believed Mr. Halper's sincerity; and that is not enough. More care and hard work, in watching and listening and writing, is what was needed here. The driver is not nearly so good as Joseph North's driver in his

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is far from excellent. I believe both Halper and North might profit by an examination into the way Robert Coates or St. Clair McKelway handles such pieces. I can tell you that their observation and their writing is hard, painstaking and long. Nobody, however greatly aroused, can successfully bat off anything.

Now I *did* believe Albert Maltz's "Man on a Road" (minor note: I am told that no user of "you-all" ever addresses a solitary person as "you-all"). This story is written with sympathy and understanding but also with detachment (and oh, my friends, and oh, my foes, in detachment there is strength, not weakness). Mr. Maltz leaves the clear plight of his victim undefiled by exaggeration, anger and what I can only call the "editorial comment" which seeps into some of the other pieces. You remember the man on the road after you have forgotten most of the figures in the book. Mr. Maltz knows how to make his reader angry without demanding that he be angry. And if this is not the procedure of class, it will forever remain the dictate of art.

I thought that the dialogue in Grace Lumpkin's "John Stevens" had an artificial sound—one gets to thinking more about the writer than about her people, more about her faults than about what is troubling her characters. I can understand why the Communist literati bewail the loss to the cause of Ring Lardner—as they should also bewail the straying of John O'Hara. In this kind of story an ear like theirs is worth more than rubies. To go on: there is too obvious strain and effort in Tillie Lerner; she grabs tremendously at the reader and at life and fails to fetch the reader and fails to capture life. William Rollins Jr. has a deplorable affection for typographical pyrotechnics: caps, italics, dashes. It makes his story almost impossible to read. I was reminded, in trying to read it, of what an old English professor of mine, the late Joseph Russell Taylor, used to say: you can't get passion into a story with exclamation points. But Mr. Rollins deserves credit for one thing, at least: he is the only writer in this book who uses "God damn" in place of "goddam." Josephine Herbst, so often authentic, writes: "A newsboy sang out, 'Big Strike at Cumley's, night crew walk out, big strike threatened, mayor urges arbitration.'" That is what she wanted to hear a newsboy sing out but it is not what any newsboy in this country ever sang out. I grant the importance of the scenes on which all these stories are based, but they cannot have reality, they cannot be literature, if they are slovenly done—merely because there is a rush for the barricades and proletarian writers are in a hurry. Art does not rush to the barricades. Nobody wants to believe that these authors sat in warm surroundings hurriedly writing of things they had never seen, or had merely glimpsed, yet that is often the impression they give.

At the end of the fiction section is the worst example of failure in method and effect, Philip Stevenson's "Death of a Century." What might have been sharp satire is a badly done, overwrought and merely gross burlesque. Even burlesque must keep one foot on verisimilitude. It grows better out of healthy ridicule than wild-eyed hate. In the poetry and drama departments there are fine things ("Waiting for Lefty" among them). The reportage section is, in some instances, excellent and it should have been widely expanded, preferably at the expense of the literary criticism, almost all of which could have been left out. There is, as I have said, not a note of humor in the anthology, not even in Robert Forsythe's piece on the Yale Bowl.

Ten Great Strikes

American Labor Struggles, by Samuel Yellen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 416 pages. $3.50.

SAMUEL YELLEN'S broad panorama of ten great labor struggles is the best introductory volume to the history of American labor that has yet appeared. It is detached, dispassionate, concise, and it carries conviction at almost every point. It is the work of a thirty-year-old instructor in English at Indiana University, who has tried, in his own words, "to analyze the causes underlying the development, to disclose the tactics and policies instrumental to the maturation, and to indicate the contribution left to the total current of the labor movement at the expiration of [each] struggle." The emphasis in his book is on "the weapons of industrial warfare devised and employed by labor and capital, the role of government, the attitude of the local agencies," and within the limits of his material he has "tried to show the growth of the various ideologies and practices, the difficulties of the industries involved and the general trend of the conflict of capital and labor in the United States."

Thus the railroad strike of 1877 was a sudden and convulsive movement of defense, spreading from one industrial center to another like a forest fire driven by a high wind, and as quickly burning itself out. The Homestead Lockout was a conflict of a far more intricate type, revealing that the strikers and their leaders had grown much more experienced, more resourceful, more vigilant in anticipating the moves of the employers, who similarly employed more varied and complex tactics to defeat them. The influence of that defeat, too, extended downward through time, rather than immediately over the labor movement, for it made possible the introduction of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry, with the consequent depression of working conditions throughout the country. The vast difference between the railroad strike of 1877 and the Pullman strike seventeen years later—fought with the weapons of the nationwide boycott and nationwide publicity on the part of the strikers; with more feverish propaganda, with federal troops and the injunction on the part of the employers—suggests the extraordinary momentum of the labor movement as it got under way. "American Labor Struggles" includes accounts of the Haymarket riots and the fight for the eight-hour day; the Ludlow Massacre; the anthracite strike of 1902; the Lawrence strike of 1912; the steel strike; the Southern textile strikes of 1929. Logically, it concludes with the San Francisco general strike, the most complex and widespread struggle in American labor history, enlisting the activity of workers whose immediate economic well-being was not involved, but who mobilized to meet a consolidated employer offensive against a group of labor organizations.

Mr. Yellen's conclusions are tentative. He notes that American labor history is repetitive—the same battles are fought over and over again—and that these repetitions are a sign of weakness, of the "failure of labor to learn from its own history." Labor leaders are a little like Chinese mathematicians who, because no records of their science were preserved, were struggling in the fifteenth century with problems that had been solved in the fifth. "It may be," Mr. Yellen observes, "that a political party . . . is essential for labor in order to serve as a conducting medium for what has been learned by experience." The precision of these few formulations makes one wish that the author

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The language of the book is temperate, judicial, sometimes almost aggressively academic. Mr. Yellen has a rare sense of time, of the day-to-day and almost hour-to-hour shifts in situations that are approaching their climaxes. His sense of people as individuals is less impressive; the labor leaders who appear—such as Hugh O'Donnell, "a young man of considerable intelligence and swiftness of decision," the leader of the Homestead strikers—emerge but dimly, so that we are seldom aware of their personal characteristics or of the extent to which they molded events. There is little color in his writing, even though Mr. Yellen names the streets and sets the exact time at which the shooting began. But the deepest limitation of the book seems to spring from the author's refusal to generalize from the rich material he has gathered. He has written in that academic and "scientific" tradition in which methodical documentation is treasured above any flash of clairvoyance.

His measured tone of detachment is characteristic of most labor histories. It may be that the material itself—take for instance the murders at Ludlow—exerts such a gravitational pull on the emotions that some excessive leaning backwards is necessary to counteract it. But this strict limiting of material to what is directly relevant may in itself be misleading. It seems proper to explain the conduct of the Homestead strikers, for example, by treating of events within their own environment, for they were principally conscious of the events and most deeply influenced by them. But a tense and decisive labor struggle of our own times, such as the San Francisco strike, is likely to involve issues that are in no sense local. The mood and movement of labor over the national scene, the *sequence* of conflicts geographically remote—such as the Toledo and the Minneapolis strikes of the months before—the international situation, constantly invoked by the revolutionary elements among the workmen—all these factors, operating mysteriously and invisibly, nevertheless played their part in deepening the responsibility of the more aggressive strikers and in giving them a sense that they were involved in history, irreversible and consequential, from which there could be no appeal. Even more than the strikers, the employers were perhaps motivated not so much by what was happening under their noses as by the wave of strikes that had been rolling across the country toward them. Again, in the steel strike of 1919—is it possible to explain the conduct of the Negro strike-breakers, for example, without bearing in mind that, during the first critical weeks of the strike, race riots broke out in Chicago, in Omaha, in Helena, Arkansas, and elsewhere, taking an unknown number of lives, perhaps several hundred? Were any happenings in the steel towns themselves, or any strike tactics, as influential in conditioning the attitudes of Negroes and whites alike?

Mr. Yellen sticks close to his subject, too close to give voice to the more daring or poetic insights and observations that you feel must have bubbled up out of so much concentrated thinking on the story of the working class. Like most labor historians, he is conscious of the organizational weakness of American labor and what that weakness has cost in terms of human suffering. He is conscious of the shifts and mutations in the forms of labor struggles. But he is less clearly conscious of the "sweep and grandeur" of the American labor movement—its freshness, its vitality, its freedom from patterned behavior—qualities which, as Engels once pointed out, could be appreciated more fully by observers in Europe than by those at the scene of conflict. Tied up with this, however, is a great deal that is questionable in his discussion he is penetrating and wise.

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A New Piers Plowman

The Vision of Piers Plowman, by William Langland. Translated by Henry W. Wells. New York: Sheed and Ward. 304 pages. $3.

MR. WELLS'S modern version of "Piers Plowman" appears at an appropriate time. After many years of neglect, or what is worse than neglect, the lip-service of textbooks, Langland is once more coming into favor. His forthright, alliterative verse already has exerted considerable influence on modern poets, especially on the young Englishmen, W. H. Auden and C. Day Lewis, whose debt to him can be seen even in the briefest quotation:

> Some put them to the plough and practised hardship
> In setting and sowing and seldom had leisure;
> They won what wasters consumed in gluttony.

I find a similar, though somewhat less obvious, resemblance in certain parts of T. S. Eliot's recent "Murder in the Cathedral." But the significance of "Piers Plowman" for us is more than a matter of its technical influence. It is Langland speaking for the common man, for the oppressed, and against all forms of corruption and tyranny, who speaks with most force today. In these parts of the poem his aims and interests are ours, and his lines have the intensity and specific reference of major poetry. Mr. Wells's version, though it has not always the vigor of Langland's early English nor his economy of structure, has caught much of his rhythm and directness of speech and feeling. It should serve to bring us closer to a great English poet.

T. C. WILSON.

The Ear for Music

Music in Everyday Life, by Eric T. Clarke. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 288 pages. $3.

SURVEYING the musical scene, Mr. Clarke notes that for most Americans music is an activity of professionals, a matter of public performance by highly skilled specialists and, as such, "something which a few people do for the few more who care to hear them." He finds that this attitude manifests itself in every department of our musical life: newspaper criticism, for example, concerns itself entirely with professional public performance. But the most serious effect is to be observed in education. Even where it deals with the non-professional person, musical education is professional in its objectives and methods: no matter what the capacities of a student are, both the private teacher and the conservatory proceed as though he is to perform in public or to compose; and the big foundations use their money chiefly to produce virtuosos and composers. These educational agencies do almost nothing to interest the general public in listening and to equip it to listen with enjoyment. And the result is an oversupply of skilled performers for whom there are no audiences.

Mr. Clarke contends, therefore, that there must be a change in attitude, in objective, in method. The aim of education "should be to make amateurs, lovers of music"; the library, the press, the foundation should contribute to this aim; and even education in performance should concern itself with the amateur as well as with the professional. In all this he is, of course, completely right; and in the detail

content to teach people to hear music: to hear it is to experience it only at second hand; to appreciate it they must experience it at first hand—that is, they must play it themselves. Now it is good for a person to be able to play music for himself; but it is no more essential than it is for him to act in order to enjoy a dramatic performance, or to paint in order to enjoy a painting. I mention this because it is a bigger job to teach people to play an instrument than to teach them to listen; and there is also the fact that a vast amount of important music would be impossible for most people to play for themselves.

Nor are the possibilities even in appreciation unlimited. It is true that the audience for Beethoven and Mozart can be increased, and that everything should be done to make them accessible; but it is also true that when everything has been done they will continue to interest fewer people than Irving Berlin does. Mr. Clarke complains at first about the fact that concerts involve only a small group, while our great population is left to get its musical enjoyment from light and popular music; and he gives the impression that he wants this population to be brought to share in the enjoyment of Beethoven and Mozart. Later, however, he insists that everyone must be allowed to enjoy what he is capable of enjoying, and that "a nation of music lovers means a population aware of music and interested in it, not one made of those alone who can appreciate the sublime"—which would make ours already a nation of music lovers; and one gathers that he wants only, where it is possible, to develop from the capacity to enjoy Irving Berlin a capacity to enjoy Beethoven and Mozart.

And in addition to the lack of clarity in his argument there are in Mr. Clarke's book many confusions and errors which result from the tossing about of words and ideas without sufficient care for what they are and where they land, and which there is not the space to deal with here.

B. H. Haggin.

Books in Brief

Powerful America: Our Place in a Rearming World, by Eugene J. Young. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 386 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK is a kind of curiosity. Beside Mr. Young, Kipling was an internationalist, and Bernhardi an Oxford-oath pacifist. After we have become involved in the next war, undoubtedly our enemies will dig up "Powerful America" to show the true nature of our militarist and imperialist ambitions. For thirty-four years, Mr. Young has handled foreign news—first on the old New York World and, more recently, on The New York Times. Seemingly, the experience has embittered him. His image of America, apparently, is that of a great blubbering lout, whose pants almost any foreign nation can kick with impunity. Mr. Young is sick of our being harmless. Briefly stated, he proposes that America now pull itself together and, if need be, lick the world. "There is no desire to imply that America would come off unscathed in a war with either Britain or Japan," he says cheerily. "But, according to military calculations of cold strength, it could exhaust the others without itself being seriously weakened in the essentials of its national existence." Except for a prejudiced chapter on Russia, however, most of what Mr. Young writes is international power politics of an extremely realistic sort. It is quite true, as he says, that this country has the power to dominate the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and that this power has never been fully exploited to wring trade concessions from England, Japan and the other great nations. With necessary changes in our naval, tariff and banking policies, it is very likely that we might extend dollar diplomacy around the world. We should probably become involved in war, but Mr. Young would have us see to it that our next war paid greater profits than our last one. Not only is "Powerful America" not ludicrous but, if big business is permitted to control our foreign policy, it may turn out to be the chart of our international future.

J. M.

The Influence of Women—and Its Cure, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 151 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Erskine says, in effect, that Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. We have heard this before, of course, but Mr. Erskine sets out to show, not to say, that modern men are utter nitwits who have delegated economic and social power to the women of their choice, and that the women selected are selfish and stupid and lazy. There are nice women, women of whom Mr. Erskine approves, but they have no power. Now, all women have at times suspected that the men they knew were not quite bright, but they had retained illusions about the men they did not know. Has Mr. Erskine no heart? Because of the influence of women, prohibition was slipped over on the United States. Yes? Boys are being brought up to be mollycoddles. The theatre is emasculated. No longer is the male figure the attraction on the stage as in the good old days of Helen (a trip to some of the bathing beaches may explain this last point to Mr. Erskine). Worst of all, we live in a feminine atmosphere of mystery and deceit. To cure all this, Mr. Erskine recommends that women learn how to handle men and

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flatter the male into doing what is good for him. Women are all right in their places, the places being housewifely or secretarial, where they can be handmaidens of the Lord, doing the menial tasks and stupefying detail work that will free the master mind. They should not have positions of authority, both because they are incapable and because women themselves prefer to work for men. I have only my own experience to set against Mr. Erskine's wide reading on this subject. Either I have been leading the wrong life or else he has been reading the wrong books. At the very least, he has been writing them. B. E. B.

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON recently returned to New York after a stay of several months in the Soviet Union, most of this time being spent in Moscow and Odessa. The present article and the others that will follow it are selected from his new book, "Travels in Two Democracies," to be published by Harcourt, Brace in May.

LOUIS STARK is a member of the editorial staff of The New York Times who specializes in writing on labor affairs.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE has contributed to The New Republic and various other American and British periodicals.

JAMES THURBER, perhaps best known for his drawings and humorous pieces in The New Yorker, is an editor of that publication. He has written several books, the most recent of these being "The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze."

ROBERT CANTWELL, author of "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty," is at work on a new novel, "The Enchanted City."

T. C. WILSON was a contributor to the recent anthology of young poets, "Trial Balances," published by Macmillan. With Ezra Pound he edited a special edition of Westminster Magazine devoted to young American and English poets.

B. H. HAGGIN, music critic of The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, is completing "The Oxford Book of the Symphony."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Jonathan Mitchell and Beatrice E. Bettinger.

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